Byways of the Scottish Border

George Eyre-Todd.

Illustrated by
Tom Scott A.R.S.A.

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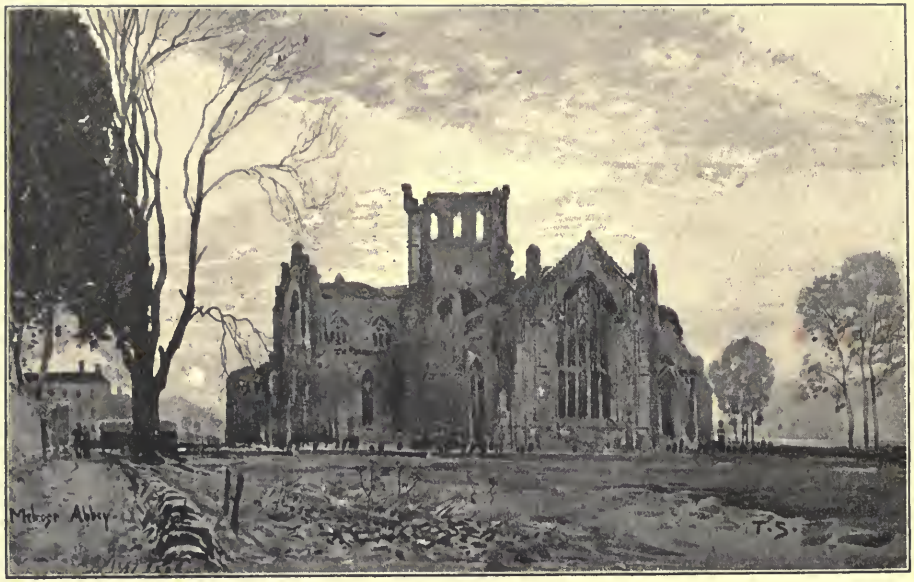
Melrose Abbey
T.S.

BYWAYS

OF THE

SCOTTISH BORDER:

A PEDESTRIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY

GEORGE EYRE-TODD,

Author of *The Sketch-Book of the North, Four Months of Bohemia, &c.*

With Illustrations by

TOM SCOTT, A.R.S.A.

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NOTE.

IN the autumn of 1886 I walked with an artist friend through some of the most famous of the Border country, from Moffat eastwards. Upon our return I put together this record of our ten days wanderings. Since then the separate articles have appeared in the pages of various magazines and periodicals. They are now printed under one cover, in the hope that the glimpse which they seek to afford of that romance-haunted region may not be without some general interest, and that the information which they contain, got together from many miscellaneous sources, may prove of use to others who, like the pilgrims of 1886, go Borderwards upon the tramp.

G. E.-T.

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THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN GATE.

WHEN the glare of summer sunshine and the rush of summer tourists is over, when the autumn winds are sighing through the woods, and the heavens and the hills are soft and grey, then is the time to see the "Dowie dens o' Yarrow." In the end of October the coaches have ceased running, the tide of sightseers has ebbed, and nature is left, lonely, to her own still spirit of reflection. Then best can be summoned back in thought the scenes of bygone days—the deeds of dule and sorrow whose story seems so native to these grey and rounded hills, and to the loneliness of their wan waters. Then, too, the great cloud-shadows that slowly move along the mountain-sides complete the harmony of thought and scene.

The hills of Yarrow are peculiarly reminiscent of the past; and the memories that haunt their aspect, like thoughts in the sweet, sad face of his mistress, can only be read by the lover of them who wanders there in quiet. Here, each in his own time, have come the poets, to catch with their delicate instinct the subtle, sweet melancholy that lingers, like an old and nameless fragrance, amid these solitudes—the memory

> Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Here every summer, year after year, comes the quiet angler, most reflective of men, whose pleasure is not more in the lapse of the brook or the leap of the occasional trout, than in the old-world thoughts that rise to people his reverie at every turn of the stream. And here sometimes by the fire in one of the little inns, when the autumn dusk has fallen, the belated tourist, fingering through some old book of Border story, suddenly has the veil lifted, and catches a transient, far-off glimpse of the inner beauty of mediæval life, woven of love and sorrow.

On foot and alone, or with a single congenial friend, is this storied and solitary valley-land best

to be visited; for the spots are many where it is pleasant to linger and to leave the beaten track; and the pages of Hogg and Scott, the ballads of more ancient bards, the lines of Wordsworth, and the diary of Burns, with the fitful narrative of history, and the unchronicled local legends, form company enough. Nowhere, perhaps, is the wanderer better pleased to be left to his own reflections than among these lakes, and glens, and streams. They are the Provence of Scotland, and about them remain, still undisturbed, mellowed only by the lapse of time, rich memories of ancient Border chivalry.

When the traveller, brought by rail to the upland strath at the foot of the mountains, grasps his staff of stout hazel, and sets out from the steep street of Moffat town, he seems to be setting foot into the Past itself. On Moffat bowling-green it was, he remembers, that the meeting occurred between the Rev. John Home and James Macpherson, the Highland tutor, which led to the discovery and preservation of the works of Ossian, the Celtic Homer—a circumstance by itself suggestive of the pregnance of forgotten haps. Before the traveller, wrapt in mystery and sadness, lie the defiles among

the hills, with the lonely road winding upward, to be lost in their recesses. And everywhere around, from the upland solitudes that climb into the blue, to the yellow vistas of late-shorn strath, the landscape is eloquent of a past that has filled many pages of history and poetry with a strange glamour of romance. Few trees are to be seen, and the only evidences of human presence are the humble shielings lodged at far intervals under the mountain-side. The foam-flecked Moffat Water, as it comes down beside the road, seems telling its own tale of silent tarns far up among the hills, and of glens known long ago in story. Its first feeding torrent on the right, indeed, the Craigieburn, opens at once into the remotest past an avenue of memories. The woods about it are believed to be a surviving portion of the ancient Ettrick Forest, itself part of the primeval Caledonian Forest. It was to this part of the Wood of Celyddon, or Caledon, that, in the sixth century, after the great tribal battle at Ardderyd, now Arthuret, near Carlisle, in which the Christian faction under Rydderch Hael and Kentigern were victorious, the actual Merlin, bard of the pagan British tribes, retired to mourn the fall of Gwend-

dolew, his chief. Here, the last of the northern Druids, he sang his song Avallenau, or The Apple Tree; he sang of himself, once a princely entertainer, now sleeping alone with shield on shoulder and sword on thigh in the forest; he sang of his sister Gwenddid, the delicately fair; and he sang of that other, Hwimleian—the "lovely nymph with pearly teeth, fair, sportive maid," who was to become the Vivien of our modern Arthurian romance. And over the hills, not many miles away, at Drummelzier, by the Tweed, he was finally stoned to death as a wizard by the shepherds of Meldred, and his body thrown upon a sharp stake in the stream.[1] At a later day "Black Douglas of the Craigieburn" was a name of terror and power on the Borders. And in the latter part of last century, in the old house whose walls in time of flood are washed by the stream as it leaps down the mountain chasm, was born the fair, unfortunate Jean Lorimer, the "Chloris" to whom Burns wrote his "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," and eight other lyrics. Dr Currie

[1] The songs of Merlin may be found translated in Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales." See an interesting article on Merlin in the "Scottish Review" for October, 1892.

states that Burns met her in these woods, which were a favourite haunt of his, and that a cottage in the wood was pointed out as the place where he visited her. But his first verses to her were written to express, not his own feelings, but the passion of a friend:

> Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn wood,
> And blithely awaukens the morrow;
> But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood
> Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Laggan, the nearer of the two little cottages, farther on, was the scene of one of those lurid flashes of mirth that ever and anon flared across the life of the sad-fated peasant-bard, when, with "honest Allan Masterton," he strolled up from Dalwhinnie, and induced William Nicol, the Edinburgh schoolmaster, who was rusticating here, to "brew a peck o' maut!" The scene, destined to be made immortal, can be imagined when the poet, glancing up during a pause in the mirth, beheld through the small knotted glass panes of the cottage window the silvery shape of the new moon drifting across the clear sky—

> It is the moon—I ken her horn,
> That 's blinking in the lift sae hie;
> She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
> But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!

And, still further on, the farm-house of Bodseck, where the road branches to the right, was the haunt of the Brownie chronicled by Hogg.

Memories like these add to the landscape that human interest which is the charm of old countries, and the lack of which makes to the reflective traveller the dulness of newer lands.

Within the pass the air itself seems lonely. On each hand rise the mountains, huge and dark against the sky, while the stillness is only broken by the distant rushing of the waters in their rocky bed below, and occasionally by the far, faint bleat of sheep. High on the hillsides, like silver threads, after the heavy rain, appear the slender torrents, each singing to itself, doubtless, its own quiet tune. And once and again sweep, wide and clear across the road, the waters of some swollen streamlet.

Details like these, as the shadows of the night begin to fall, become more and more expressive of the awe that dwells in the solitude of the hills; and amid such surroundings one ceases to marvel that the poetry of mountain lands is so generally cast in a plaintive key, for sombre and remote from boisterous mirth are the emotions that they stir within the heart.

Presently, as the road ascends higher and higher among the hills, mists begin to drift together, grey and silent like ghosts, in the glens; the air grows colder, and the solitude more desolate. The outer world is shut off behind, while in front the mountains, dark and threatening, guard the narrowing pass. The latter might almost serve for that passage to Elfland long ago followed by Thomas of Ercildoune with the Queen of Faerie, when, as the ballad tells,—

> They rade on and further on,
> And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
> And they saw neither sun nor moon,
> But they heard the roaring of the sea.

Even the last detail is all but fulfilled here, for from the recesses of a rugged ravine on the far left there comes through the gathering darkness the sullen roar of a waterfall. It is the famous "Grey Mare's Tail," the highest waterfall in Scotland, pouring its torrent in an immemorial dirge beside the "Giant's Grave." The cataract descends from the dark Loch Skene, on whose lonely islet the ern still builds her nest. Cataract and lake together are picturesquely described by Scott in his prelude to the second canto of "Marmion":—

Yet him whose heart is ill at ease
Such peaceful solitudes displease.
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene
Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene.
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where deep deep down and far within
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave;
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Notwithstanding its remote desolation, however, this region is by no means lacking in human

memories which are stirring enough. Many a fugitive Covenanter has sought refuge amid its wild glens. In the sombre recesses of these hills, during the latter years of the doomed House of Stuart, the persecuted people, like hunted deer, held their conventicles; and at the door of the little Birkhill Inn, then merely a shepherd's shieling by the road, tradition runs that four of them were shot by Claverhouse.

A solitary spot is that little dwelling of Birkhill, and the shepherd's wife there has been sorely put to it more than once by later marauders than Dundee's dragoons. They tell how a rough-handed tramp entered the humble doorway one summer afternoon, and, seeing only a single woman in possession, threatened to make free with the movable property. He was about to lay hands on one of the hanks of yarn that were hanging from the kitchen rafters, when Janet, the shepherd's wife, stopped him with the sudden question, "My man, did onybody see ye come in here?" The fellow gruffly answered "No!" "Then," said the good woman, with ill-boding energy, "deevil a ane'll see ye gang oot. Lassie, bring me the axe!" The tramp at this intimation, they say,

displayed an unusual amount of activity in disappearing up the road, and the worthy Janet made no endeavour to call him back. The inhabitants of so lonely a spot have need to be able to care for themselves.

Less and less grows the light as the road ascends, for the night falls fast among the mountains; and more and more impressive becomes the silence, as the rushing of the stream in the channel below diminishes towards its source. At last there is no sound but the gentle sigh once and again of the wind rising out of Yarrow—the summit of the pass has been reached. Presently the streams begin to run eastward with the road, and that sign declares that the first steps have been taken in the cradle-land of the Douglas.

Mournful memories of bygone glory linger here about the springs of Yarrow. The air itself seems sighing for the memory of "Douglas! Douglas! tender and true."[1] Yet long, long it is since the valley used to rise and follow that chivalrous

[1] These words, familiar to most readers as the refrain of a modern song, occur in the famous old Scottish poem, "The Houlate," believed to be written by Sir Richard Holland, a partisan of the Douglases, during the reign of James II.

race of king-makers, long since the hoofs of the Douglas steeds rang here in haugh and dene, and long since the vespers floated up the dale from the bells of St Mary's Kirk. Close by these springs of Yarrow the monks of Melrose in ancient times had a chapel, and at Chapelhope farm near, silent now in the darkness, the ring of carbines once and the shriek of a woman proclaimed a terrible deed, when the Flower of Yarrow of her day, who had waited ten years for her lover, saw him torn from her side at the bridal moment, and shot for his subscription to the Covenant. The pitiful story has been woven by Hogg into his "Brownie of Bodsbeck."

Still another Covenanting reminiscence remains near the spot. On the hillside at Riskenhope the youthful Renwick, last of those to suffer death for the cause of the Covenant in Scotland, preached one of his last sermons in 1688. The spot and its memory have been described in vigorous verse by Professor Blackie :—

> Mark well yon white house 'mid the trees ;
> There, chased from glen to glen
> By bloodhounds of a despot race,
> Young Renwick found a sheltering place,

With looks of love and deeds of grace,
From simple, plaided men.

. . . . . .

Up we clomb, and down we slid,
Sheer to a mountain brook;
Where on a sloping grassy mound
The people sate in circle round,
And pulpit free the brave youth found,
To preach from holy book.

Mark well that stump, where once there grew
A thorn, a goodly tree;
Even there he stood, and 'gan to sing
A powerful psalm, on faithful wing,
Most like to David, shepherd-king,
Ruddy and fair to see.

. . . . . .

So preached the fair-faced boy, and knew
His preaching meant a deed;
When in his ear the fierce halloo
Sounded of Clavers and his crew,
Who all God's people did pursue
To death with murtherous speed.

These are some of the tragic episodes which, accumulated during the centuries, enrich with their sorrowful memory every mile of Scottish soil.

The mountains on each hand have become only great black shadows in the darkness; but when the mists lift, and the wind, blowing soft and

heavy out of the east, drives back the curtain of rain, a steady light, the promise of all comfort, appears shining among trees far in front. Meanwhile, low on the right, rushing dim and sullen in the darkness, lies the "wan water" of which the ballads speak. It is the Loch o' the Lowes—an eerie sight enough, with its bodeful lapping and its drifting streaks of foam. The rush of a descending stream makes itself heard under the road among the shadows, and once or twice a few drops of rain are scattered from the edge of some trailing cloud; then a path turns off to the right, and there, on the narrow neck of land between this upper sheet of water and St Mary's Loch, glows the welcome light of Tibbie Shiel's Inn.

And bright, after the outside darkness, seems the pleasant fire and lamplight in the little low-roofed room to which the guest is ushered; and hospitable sound the voices that come along the clean stone passage from the kitchen. Many a famous angler has been housed under this humble roof; for the loch and its streams are historic fishing-ground. Here, many a time, has come the great Christopher North—not the "musty, fusty Christopher" Tennyson has called him, but the large-souled poet, who

could land a salmon or a sea-trout as well as he could draw tears and laughter with a Border tale. Here "the Shepherd" and he have foregathered for many a hearty supper after long, quiet days by the loch side; and the cosy parlour was the scene of at least one of the famous *Noctes*. And here it was, on the morning after one of these great carousals, that Tibbie was startled by the Professor shouting to her to "bring in the loch," as he was "here at the back o' Jeems, and unco dry." The ancient hostess, a celebrity in her time, is now no more (many a bit of sententious wisdom she would impart as she sat in her latter days by the ingle neuk);[1] but a comely lass, fresh-coloured and kindly-voiced, does for the stranger the first hospitalities of Yarrowdale.

In the inn at this time of year the visitor may find perhaps a single guest or so beside himself—some solitary angler who, wandering the countryside, rod in hand, for a week, has exhausted his stock of news and literature, and who, over the pipe of peace by the evening fire, is glad to fraternise with new-

[1] Tibbie, whose married name was Richardson, had been in her youth in the household of the Ettrick Shepherd's mother. She knew the poet well, and was wont to say of him that he "was a gey sensible man, for a' the nonsense he wrat."

comers from the outer world. And for the viands—never, surely, was a meal so welcome as supper here after the "caller" air of the hills; and the steaming tea and smoking ham and eggs, with the thick white scones and fragrant butter, disappear with startling rapidity. Afterwards, when the house has gone to rest, it is pleasant to lie in the little recessed bed (for parlour and bedroom are the same thing), and watch, before falling asleep, the red fire sink on the hearth, hearing nothing but the gentle pressure of the wind sometimes against the deep-set casement, and conscious that the first steps have been taken in the land of Border Story.


St. Mary's Loch.

"BY LONE ST MARY'S."

FULL and clear out of the east comes the morning wind up the loch, ruffling the water freshly and rustling the few remaining leaves of the trees about the inn. Not too cold is it, considering the time of the year; and with such bracing air to quicken the pulse and make exercise enjoyable, a better day could scarcely have been chosen for exploring on foot the historic scenes of this most famous angling region.

Here, more than anywhere else in Scotland, perhaps, meet memories of the congenial arts of the pen and the angle; for here, as has been said, Christopher North caroused and fished, and found the materials for some of his *Noctes;* here Hogg wandered, rod in hand, while he dreamed his dream of Kilmeny; here, in more recent years, have happened many meetings of doctors and brothers of learning, as when, in 1856, Professor Veitch, after tramping up from Moffat, on coming through the

garden gate, heard the whisper of his friend, "There is Shairp!" and saw before the door, plashed to the waist with a long day's fishing among the hills, the "fair-haired, ruddy-faced, manly man," then a master of Rugby, who was to become, later, Principal of St Andrews; and here, in every nook of the quiet shore, the follower of the gentle craft, in the intervals of casting his line, can recall some deed of ancient days chronicled of the spot in Border song. If he have in his pocket the second canto of *Marmion*, so much the better. Most of the region's memories are storied there in stirring lines, and reading these amid their native scenes the rambler will find endless interests to repay his reverie.

In the early light the mountains behind, through which the road descends from the outer world, appear dark and gloomy, with rain-mists hanging low yet among them. In front, however, though the clouds are still heavy and grey, a gleam of bright sunshine chases the shadows upon the mountain side, and sweeps the blue surface of the lake. Revealed by it, far along the water's margin, their white wings gleaming against the dark background of trees, sail the wild swans of St Mary's, famous long ago in

Border lays. The hills at this time of year are brown with withered windlestrae, varied by the richer patches of russet bracken, while not much heather is to be seen. Here, though trees are scattered but thinly now along the lake's edge and by the mouths of streams, roamed in bygone times the largest stags in Scotland, with wild boars in plenty, and even wolves. The huntsmen of the district were for long the most famous of the Scottish archers, and the ancient character of the countryside survives in its name of Ettrick Forest. It is the spirit rather than the detail of this scene which has been rendered in the famous lines of Scott.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest
Deep in each gentle heart impressed.
. . . . . .
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St Mary's silent lake.
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge.
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,

Each hill's huge outline you may view.
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell.
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness.
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

On closer approach the few remaining trees by the lochside—hoary silver birches, many-gnarled and knotted — show themselves old enough to have shaded the ambuscade of the Scottish lover, when, according to the ancient ballad, he came to St Mary's Kirk to carry off his English bride from the funeral bier. Among them, high-perched on the hillside above the road, nestles the comfortable hostelry of Rodono—a lonely spot, after the poet and sportsman's own heart, and a modern rival to the more famous inn of Tibbie Shiel.

A story which throws a lurid light upon the possibilities of life among these hills during the feudal centuries, belongs to a spot at hand. The Meggat Water, haunt of historic anglers, comes down here between the hills. By the side of this stream, about a castle whose vestiges may still be traced, hangs the tragic if somewhat uncertain legend. The place was the stronghold of Pierce Cockburne, one of those freebooters whose lawless deeds were, during the *régime* of the early Stuarts, the terror of the Borders. As a matter of history, in the reign of James V. the ravages of these self-made barons became so notorious that the king determined to vindicate the law upon them. Accordingly, on a summer day in 1529, having first taken the precaution of shutting up the greater Border lords in Edinburgh, he made a sudden and unexpected descent upon the neighbourhood. Here tradition takes up the tale, and relates how James, appearing before Henderland Tower, surprised Cockburne at dinner, with short shrift hanged the reiver and his men over their own gate, and forthwith marched, by the path still known as the King's Road, between St Mary's Loch and the Loch o' the Lowes, and through the mountains beyond, to

surprise in similar fashion for his misdeeds Adam Scott, in his tower of Tushielaw, and to visit afterwards with a like fate at Caerlanrig the famous Border bandit Johnnie Armstrong. By the same tradition it is recorded that the wife of Cockburne fled to the recesses of the Dow-glen, near the castle, and at a place still called the "Lady's Seat" strove to drown in the roar of the cataract the shouts which greeted the accomplishment of her husband's doom. There is an ancient ballad, which was long known in the district, said to refer to this circumstance. The pathos of its lines suits well with the popular tradition:—

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear.
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse myself alane;
I watched the body night and day—
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat.
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.[1]

Sir Walter Scott chose to follow this popular tradition, both in his 'Border Minstrelsy' and in

[1] William Motherwell, in his 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,' ventured the hypothesis, which receives the support of Professor Child in 'English and Scottish Ballads,' that this lament is merely a fragment of the English ballad, 'The Famous Flower of Servingmen.' The only ground for this supposition appears to be that some nine lines of the lament have been included in the English ballad, where they have been awkwardly tacked on to form a quite redundant preface. The lines appropriated are entirely at variance with the actual pleasant *dénouement* of the English story, which has nothing whatever in common with the passionate and utter grief that breathes in the Scottish ballad.

his "Tales of a Grandfather;" and in a note to the ballad he endeavours to furnish another link to the story. On a broken tombstone, still lying in the deserted burial-place which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, he deciphered, with armorial bearings, the inscription "Here lyes Perys of Cockburne and his wyfe Marjory." As a matter of fact, however, the Cockburne of James V.'s time was not executed here. It is clearly set forth in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials of Scotland" that he, along with Scott of Tushielaw, was duly tried, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh. Further, the tombstone deciphered by Scott cannot cover the famous freebooter, since the name of the latter was not Pierce, but William, Cockburne. Taken altogether, the probability is that tradition here has mixed up the circumstances of more than one event. Certainly, while the ballad may reasonably relate to the historic occurrence, the story of the summary execution is altogether apocryphal, and the tombstone belongs to another man. A tragedy of this nature might of course have happened at any time in the troublous history of the Borders, and should the popular tradition have truth in it, and be really connected with the subject

of the tombstone, it is possible that the story refers to some occurrence in an earlier century, before the Norman prefix of "de" died out.

Professor Veitch has a fine poem on the subject of the tragedy, entitled "The Dow Glen," in which, after describing the rocky recess, with the burn, and its deep, dark pool, rowan-hung, he recalls the place's memory of "passion thrown to heaven."

As from the wife heart-broken
The waters bore the cry,
And the forest hills in echo
Woke the world's sympathy.

Ah, me! she hears the shouting
Where she cowers beside the Linn;
Around her lord men crowding,
And all the dying din.

And now none knows her story,
Where human heart doth dwell,
But weeps the woman watching
The dead she loved so well.

Linn! in mine ear thy cadence
Hath its own peculiar fall,
As echo of a sorrow
Through time which softens all.

Clings to thy rock thy ivy
To keep faith's memory green;
And the red rose of the briar
Glows where her love hath been.

High on the lonely hillside further on, where a few bushes wave out of sight of the road, rises a green mound—all that is left of the chapel of St Mary. Lonely as the spot is now, it is renowned in Border legend, has constant mention in the ancient ballads, and has been the scene of more than one historic incident. More tradition and poetry, indeed, probably gathers about this ancient dependency of Melrose Abbey than about any other kirk of its size in Scotland. It has been said that St Mary's at Carluke, and not the ruined fane here, was the "Forest Kirk" in which Wallace was chosen Warden of Scotland; but the point has by no means been finally settled. The precincts here remain, according to tradition, the burial-place of the lovers whose heroic story is told in the ballad of "The Douglas Tragedy," to be referred to presently. Here also, according to some versions, is set the dramatic ending of the ballad "The Gay Goshawk," a composition which seems to have furnished Hogg with part of the idea for his poem of "Mary Scott," and the machinery of which presents so curious a resemblance to that of "Romeo and Juliet," that it would almost appear as if some Scottish minstrel

had turned Shakespeare's play into a ballad, but with a happier ending. A Scottish lover, debarred by the parents of his English mistress from pressing his suit in person, sends her a letter by means of his goshawk demanding when he can see her, as otherwise "he cannot live ava." The lady returns the reply:—

"I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands off my hair;
I send him the heart that's in my breast;
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She then exacts a promise from father, mother, sister, and brothers respectively, that if she dies in fair England they will bury her in Scotland, performing certain memorials at three kirks there before entombing her at the fourth. The promise exacted, she forthwith drops down apparently dead at her mother's knee. An old witch-wife, however, who sits by the fire, suspects illusion:—

Says, "Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again:
For much a lady young will do
To her true love to win."

This cruel test is applied without effect, and preparations are therefore made for the maiden's funeral as had been promised. Her brothers make her a bier of cedar-wood, while her sisters sew her a shroud of satin and silken work. The cortege then sets out.

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake.
The fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpse," he said,
Till I look on the dead,
The last time that I saw her face
She ruddy was and red;
But now, alas, and woe is me!
She's wallowit like a weed."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little above her chin:
With lily-white cheeks and leamin' een
She looked and laughed to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine,
For I have fasted for your love
These weary lang days nine.
There's not a steed in your stable
But would have been dead ere syne.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you can say in the south of England
Your sister gave you a scorn.

I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the meal;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the silks so weel.

"I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the gold so red."

Covenanter and Catholic, Scotts and Kerrs and Pringles, all sorts and conditions of men, sleep their long sleep here at peace together. Even that "Wizard Priest," once tenant of the chaplainry, whose story is sung in Hogg's "Mess John," and whose bones, according to Scott, were "thrust from company of sacred dust," lies under the little stone-capped mount at hand, locally known as Binram's Cross. Scott informs us that the kirk was wrecked by the clan of Buccleuch in the course of a feud with the Cranstouns in 1557. The historic circumstance is introduced as an episode in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto II.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary's chapel of the Lowes:

For there beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
  And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
Of the best that would ride at her command;
  The trysting place was Newark Lea.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
  They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
  They came to St Mary's lake ere day;
  But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

Long, at any rate, it is since the last mass was sung here, and the light went out above the altar. Knight and monk and friar rode from the place for the last time into the darkness of oblivion three hundred years ago. Its latest tenants, the upholders of the Covenant, themselves have passed away, and, as the somewhat sarcastic folk-rhyme has it,

St Mary's Loch lies shimmering still,
  But St Mary's Kirk bell's lang dune ringing;
There 's naething now but the gravestane hill
  To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing.

The pageantry of arms, too, has bidden the spot a long farewell. From the green ruin mound, towards

the close of that fateful year in Scotland, the '45, might have been seen one of the divisions of Prince Charles Edward's Highland army making its way southward towards Carlisle along the old road on the further side of the loch—the last sign of war among these hills.[1]

A pleasant place it is for the storied old-time lovers of the Douglas ballad to rest in, visited only by sun and rain and mist, with the silent hills watching above, and, far below, the lake murmuring in the sunshine as it is driven into flakes of silver by the wind. Like the grave of Keats outside the walls of Rome, "it would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot."

An old grassy road slopes down the hillside eastward from St Mary's Kirk—doubtless the path trodden long since by priest and penitent. Half way down its length, on the heath above the track, lie unnoticed the remains of a still older place of burial. The existence of these remains appears to be unrecorded; but a careful observer can

[1] This tradition is recorded, from information furnished by Lord Napier and Ettrick, in the preface by Professor Campbell Fraser to Dr Russell's "Reminiscences of Yarrow."

still make out among the heather several prehistoric cairns, most of them overgrown with the peat deposit of centuries; and examination puts it beyond doubt that these represent the resting-spot of some forgotten race.

Most appropriate here seems the loneliness which is characteristic of all the pensive Borderside. From it one derives an impression as if the hills and dales themselves were thinking of the days and the scenes that have been. Amid the silence only the chip of a solitary stonebreaker's hammer is to be heard, as, far off upon the road, he splits for rustic feet "fragments of some old continent." An isolated existence the stonebreaker must lead amid this solitude; but his life among these hills, as the reflective angler knows, will have its own pleasures. His cares will be as few as his possessions; he will enjoy his simple fare with an appetite a duke might envy; and his sleep will be sound of nights after his work is done. The man, however, is compelled to own that he knows but little of the famous places in "the Forest." He is only aware that some interest is attached to Dryhope Tower, by the Dryhope burn, a little further on.


T.S.
Dryhope Tower.

Dryhope Tower! The name summons to mind a vista of Border memories. The place was the home of Mary Scott, that "Flower of Yarrow" of whom long since sung Allan Ramsay and minor bards unnumbered. Through its low doorway and up its broken stair her light step has trod; and her presence amid the rude surroundings of a Border chieftain's stronghold casts about the spot to the present hour something of "the tender grace of a day that is dead." Fierce and fast must have been the maiden's wooing by that fiery young Borderer, Walter Scott of Harden; for the legend runs that he paid her father the significant price of "a moon in Northumberland" to support his bride at Dryhope for a time after her marriage. One almost wonders if she felt no fear when her strong-handed lover carried her home to the tower which hangs yet, though in ruins, on the edge of its own dark glen near Hawick. Certain it is, however, that she knew how to manage that impetuous heart, for she was first sung as the Flower of Yarrow, they say, by an English youth whom she had saved from her husband's doom-tree. She it was, too, who, when provisions ran short in the larder, uncovered on

the table, in place of the smoking haunch, a pair of clean spurs—a strong hint that cattle were to be found south of the Border. There was a fire in that gentle blood which time had no power to cool; for sixth in descent from this union sprang, as he himself proudly records in his all too short autobiography, the Minstrel of Abbotsford, who was to throw its most lasting glory round the name of Scott.

Further up "the Hope," the "Auld Wa's" represent the keep of that daring Dick of Dryhope, who in 1596 helped Buccleuch to rescue Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Tower, sadly, it is said, to Queen Elizabeth's annoyance. The story, which forms the subject of one of the best-known historical ballads,[1] affords a good illustration of the manners of the Borders in the sixteenth century. On the day of a Warden meeting, and in violation of safe-conduct, William Armstrong of Kinninmonth had been seized and thrown into the keep of Carlisle by Salkeld, deputy of Lord Scroope, the English Warden. Upon hearing of the transaction, Buccleuch first tried remonstrance with Lord Scroope and the English ambassador, and this

[1] The ballad of "Kinmont Willie," in Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.'

proving futile, determined upon the bold expedient of effecting Armstrong's release by a midnight raid. Mustering some two hundred horse at Morton Tower, in the Debateable Land, an hour before sunset, he set out with scaling-ladders and prison-breaking instruments, and reached Carlisle before daybreak. There, his enterprise being concealed from the sentinels by a night of pitchy darkness and a tempest of wind and rain, he forced his way in at a postern, and found and carried off the prisoner before the garrison could muster strength to resist. The ballad writer, in the dramatic fashion peculiar to this class of composition, pictures Salkeld meeting the expedition on its way, and accosting one company after another. At last he reaches and accosts the band commanded by the doughty Dick of Dryhope.

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakeld; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear[1] had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed[2] outlaws, stand?" quo' he.
The never a word had Dickie to say,
So he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

[1] Learning.
[2] "Wheel-footed," equivalent to "gallows-necked."

The natural beauty of the surroundings themselves tempts the wanderer to linger in this hollow among the low green hills. But there remains another and subtler spell about the spot.

Of old the grey heron fed below in these narrow meadows through which the Yarrow, freshly poured from the lake, runs, gently murmuring. Ever and anon in ancient times the hill-foot has seen portly abbot and stalwart earl go by; and across its "holm so green," her funeral train "stemming the Yarrow's silver wave," that other and scarcely less real Mary Scott, the creation of the Ettrick Shepherd, can be pictured, as, clad in "golden gear and cramasye," she was borne on her bier to her unhoped-for bridal at St Mary's Kirk with Lord Pringle of Torwoodlee. The place is silent now. Only the kine come lowing under the grey walls in the gloaming, and for a pennon the long grass waves from the ruin top. Yet the beating here once of happy hearts, the love, the laughter, and the sorrow that have passed away, make the sunny knoll a haunt of pensive musings, and endue the worn stones with eloquent regrets.

It was the spell of these things which was felt

by Wordsworth, and of which his lines remain the finest expression.

YARROW VISITED.

And is this Yarrow ?—This the stream
  Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream ?
  An image that hath perished !
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
  To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
  That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
  With uncontrolled meanderings ;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
  Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
  Is visibly delighted ;
For not a feature of those hills
  Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
  Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
  A tender hazy brightness ;
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
  All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
  A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
  Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
  On which the herd is feeding ;

And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!

Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
  A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
  The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
  The wildwood fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
  A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I unwreathed my own!
  'T were no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
  To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
  Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
  Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
  A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
  Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
  They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
  Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
  Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
  And cheer my mind in sorrow.

From the home of Mary Scott, a mile to the east, by the side of Blackhouse Farm, the Douglas Burn comes down to join the Yarrow, and the

murmur of its waters is the "Open, Sesame," to another cluster of old-world associations. The quiet farm-house itself, at the glen mouth, was the home of William Laidlaw, the amanuensis and friend of Sir Walter Scott, and author of the simple and beautiful verses, 'Lucy's Flittin';' and on the Blackhouse heights above it was that for ten years the Ettrick Shepherd tended his flocks. It was on one of these heights, the Hawkshaw Rig, past which the Blackhope burn comes down to join the Douglas, that upon a summer day in 1796 an interesting thing happened. As the young herdsman was watching his sheep, a half-daft wanderer of the countryside, named Jock Scott, lying near him on the heather, recited a marvellous poem called 'Tam o' Shanter,' made, said the reciter, by an Ayrshire peasant, lately dead, of the name of Robert Burns. As he listened, it is said, big tears of joy and surprise rolled down Hogg's quivering cheek. Again and again he had the poem repeated till he knew by heart every word of it; and forthwith he resolved to serve himself the successor of the ploughman poet. Thanks to the old songs and ballads crooned to his childish ears by his mother at Ettrick Hall, "he could tell more stories

and sing more songs," he felt sure, "than ever ploughman could in the world." Thus casually fell the spark which set the lonely herdsman's heart on fire. Well, however, might that herdsman sing, spending the long days, as he did, alone amid such scenes and memories, and within the hearing of so many traditions. It would be difficult in all broad Scotland to find a spot more fit for the dreaming of a poet.

Two miles up the Douglas water, in the very heart of the quiet hills, lies the tower of the Good Lord James, who strove to carry the heart of the Bruce to the Holy Land. The Douglases were early settled here. Sir John, eldest son of William, first Lord Douglas, is recorded by Hume of Godscroft, the family historian, to have sat as baronial lord of Douglas Burn, in a parliament of Malcolm Canmore, held at Forfar; and here the companion of Bruce was wont sometimes to retire to gather fresh forces for the cause of the king. A crumbling ruin now, the home of the Border lord is abandoned to the last neglect. Within the walls which cradled that haughty race are kennelled a shepherd's dogs, and rubbish and filth cover the hearth and threshold of the Black

Douglas. A silent reproach exists in the aspect of the broken ruin, desecrated by mean uses, unvisited and uncared-for in its decay.

From this tower it was, as the ballad of 'The Douglas Tragedy' tells, that Fair Margaret was carried off by her lover. A mile further up the solitary glen stand seven great stones, marking, it is said, the spot where Lord William alighted and slew the lady's seven pursuing brothers; and the bridle road, one of the disused mediæval paths from tower to tower, which the fleeing lovers are said to have followed, can still easily be traced across the hills. The words of the ancient composition possess a strange vividness when read with a knowledge of the locality, and at the foot of these grey walls.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night!

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's away the last night!"

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
Come riding o'er the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard-fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O, hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O, she 's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine;
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds
That were redder than the wine.

"O choose, O choose, Lady Marg'ret," he said;
O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said;
"For you have left me nae other guide."

He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himsel' on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And then they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
O' the spring that ran sae clear ;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she began to fear.

" Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she said,
" For I fear that you are slain ! "
" 'T is naething but the shadow o' my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted doun.

" Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
" Get up and let me in !
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
" For this night my fair lady I've win.

" O, mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
" O, mak' it braid and deep,
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
  Lady Marg'ret lang ere day;
And all true lovers that go thegither,
  May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Mary's Kirk,
  Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire:
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,
  And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
  And fain they wad be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel
  They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
  And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonnie brier,
  And flang it in St Mary's Loch.

As one lingers in the silent glen, the scene of this strange romance and of its tragic outcome, a "breath of the time that has been" seems to hover about it, with the sadness of these old forgotten days.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

THE sunshine falls warmly in the inn doorway and on the road in front; and the sky, despite the ominous darkness of last night, is all but clear of cloud. No sound of rude traffic breaks upon the pastoral stillness of the spot. Only the river below, murmuring over its pebbles, seems recounting to itself the old-world memories of the banks between which it runs. Though it is not yet nine o'clock, yonder blithe lass in shepherd-tartan plaid, and with a basket on her arm, singing to herself as she comes up the road, has been down to Yarrow Feus already. She turns across the bridge a hundred yards off, on her way, says the landlady, to Hogg's Farm of Altrive Lake. The place lies less than a mile away, and the road thither leads on through the hills to the ruined keep of Tushielaw on the Ettrick—a pleasant forenoon's ramble. It would surely be a mistake to pass through the most storied valley of the Border

without making a pilgrimage to the home of its sweet singer. A word, then, to "mine hostess;" as to fare later on, a moment to pocket some temporary provender, and then away after yonder gentle pioneer.

Hogg had dedicated his "Queen's Wake" to the Duchess of Buccleuch, and she on her death-bed besought her husband to "remember her poor poet." The Duke accordingly bestowed the little farm of Altrive Lake upon Hogg for life, without rent or fee; and, grateful to his patron, the Ettrick Shepherd came to live on the spot in 1815. Here in 1819, he brought his lady wife, to make it "the dearest spot on earth to him;" here he reared the "flowers of the forest," as he called his children; and here, in 1835, he died, three years after Sir Walter Scott. A thousand times, one cannot help remembering, must the bright-eyed poet have strolled down this road, carrying in his heart, as Christopher North averred, the dream of Kilmeny, or, as is perhaps more likely, with the smile wreathing his lip at some remembered word of wife or child. In one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, he is himself made to describe his winter life here: "Mony and mony a day o' drivin' rain and blastin'

sleet and driftin' snaw hae I been out frae morn till nicht amang the hills—ay, sir, frae nicht till morn—a' through the wild sughing hours o' the mirk nichts o' winter." Certain it is that upon many a summer morning he gathered inspiration from these quiet hills. Carlyle has left a vivid, if somewhat depreciating sketch of the Shepherd. "Hogg," he says, "is a little red-skinned, stiff rack of a body, with quite the common air of an Ettrick shepherd, except that he has a highish, though sloping brow, among his yellow grizzled hair, and two clear little beads of blue or grey eyes that sparkle, if not with thought, yet with animation." The sage of Craigenputtock proceeds further to condescend upon the social qualities of "this poor man," remarking especially that along with his boundless good nature, his vanity seemed to be immense.

This charge of vanity has been made the occasion for much indulgent patronizing of the poet, but it has been well answered by Mr Borland in *Yarrow, its Poets and Poetry*. "Even in this respect," he says, "Hogg compares not unfavourably with his contemporaries. He was certainly less self-conscious than either Byron or Keats, or for that matter, Wordsworth—humble as he was

to all outward seeming; and in Hogg's case there was more excuse for such a failing. He was all but uneducated, and consequently the distinction he attained as a man of letters was due to his genius and indomitable perseverance. From the obscurity of his shepherd life he suddenly burst upon the world as a great poet. He could number among his friends many of the foremost men of his age in learning, intellect, and social position. In these circumstances his vanity, such as it was, need surprise no one. The wonder really is, all things considered, that he was so well able to keep his feet on the ground." Of the Shepherd's further qualities, on the other hand, perhaps Carlyle was not in all respects the best judge. During his twenty years' residence at Altrive Lake, Hogg probably entertained, freely and heartily, more visitors to the neighbourhood than, to judge from all accounts, the friends who were received critically, and afterwards cynically pulled to pieces, by Carlyle during all his long life. A thousand times the Shepherd has betaken himself, rod in hand, and in the company of some chosen guest, to angle in the rushing Yarrow; and as often has he returned at night with heavy basket, to install his tired friend

by the genial hearth at Altrive. For Hogg, with the narrow estate of a yeoman, had the hospitable heart of a prince. The Shepherd was, in fact, in his time, the indispensable cicerone to Yarrow and St Mary's Loch, and of the throngs of guests who were entertained with such boundless hospitality at Abbotsford by Scott, no small proportion sooner or later found themselves visiting the classic springs of Yarrow under the guidance of Hogg. Wordsworth, in the opening stanzas of his poem on Hogg's death, gives an indication of what was almost a custom.

> When first, descending from the moorlands,
> I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
> Along a bare and open valley,
> The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.
>
> When last along its banks I wandered,
> Through groves that had begun to shed
> Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
> My steps the Border Minstrel led.

Wordsworth's first visit to Yarrow was in 1814. In the note to his poem of the occasion, which has been already quoted on a former page, he says: "We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us, and also Dr Anderson, the editor of the 'British Poets,' who was on a visit at the Manse. Dr A. walked with us till

we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and being advanced in life he then turned back." Upon the Lake Poet's last visit to the neighbourhood, of which his 'Yarrow Revisited' was a memorial, he stayed at Abbotsford, and visited the scenes of interest on the lower reaches of the stream in the company of his host.

Throughout the many years of their acquaintance, Hogg held a warm place in the regard of Scott himself. While by no means blind to the Shepherd's failings, the great novelist had an eye to perceive the true genius and heart of his humbler friend.

Sir Walter's last meeting with Hogg may be given as narrated by Professor Veitch. "Scott had sent him word that he was to pass down the Yarrow from Drumlanrig, on his way to Abbotsford. The carriage stopped at the small inn, the Gordon Arms, and here the Shepherd met Sir Walter. They walked down the road past Mount Benger, Sir Walter leaning heavily on Hogg's arm, and walking very feebly. The Shepherd noticed the change, bodily and mental, in the great man whom he honoured — almost worshipped. There was some talk, not of a very clear kind, but kindly and affectionate. It was exactly twenty-

nine years before, that Hogg, a young man, had met Scott in his mother's cottage at Ettrick Hall, when the editor of the *Minstrelsy* was sowing the seed that had ripened during those intervening years into that glorious golden harvest of poem and romance—as rich an outcome of one man's life as the world had ever seen. Here, appropriately enough, in beloved Yarrow—dear to Hogg, and dearest vale on earth to Scott—the two poets whom Yarrow herself had quickened and nourished, parted for the last time on earth."

All day might be spent lingering here amid the scenes of old Border memories—the Hart's Leap, marked by two stones, where the last hart in Ettrick, shot by Andrew Telfer, James VI.'s huntsman, made a dying spring of 27 feet; the ruined keep of Tushielaw on Ettrick bank, where, if tradition were to be believed, James V., in 1529, executed swift, sharp justice by hanging the reiver Adam Scott over his own gate; Ettrick Kirk, where Thomas Boston spent the years of his ministry, writing the once famous "Fourfold State," "The Crook in the Lot," and other books; and where, far from the haunts of busy men, he raised himself to be one of the greatest scholars and theologians of his

day; and Ettrick Kirkyard, where, close by the vault of the Scotts of Thirlstane, lie the remains of James Hogg and of his quondam hostess, Tibbie Shiel.[1] But the countryside by Yarrow Water remains to be traversed yet, and the hours wear all too quickly on.

Below the Gordon Arms Inn on Yarrow side stands the monument of one of the Ettrick Shepherd's many misfortunes — Mount Benger farm. In the famous *Noctes* he is made to speak with high hope of his new adventure here; but the leasing of the place tied a millstone round his neck which dragged upon him till his last day. Hogg, it is to be feared, was, like his master Burns, no great farmer. His ear had caught the music of the horns of elfland, and his heart thenceforth was in that enchanted world.

1 When Hogg was buried here in 1835, three years after the death of Scott, his genial caricaturist and comrade of other times, the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, was not absent from the funeral. "Who that was present," says Dr Russell when describing the scene in his 'Reminiscences,' "could forget the noble form of John Wilson—a model for a sculptor—as he stood at the top of the grave, his cloak wrapped round him, his head uncovered, his long auburn hair streaming in the wind, while tears flowed down his manly countenance?"

Below the windows of the house the river runs, growing in volume, to the village of Yarrow Feus; and here, in the heart of Border song-land, lies the scene of the fatal combat so greatly renowned in minstrelsy.

"Annan-street," to the west of Yarrow Kirk, is the spot pointed out by tradition as the scene of the fight. The legend of the locality simply runs that here a deadly feud was settled by force of arms. The two lords, or leaders, it is said, fell at the upright stones, and the bodies of the other slain were thrown into "The Dead Lake," a marshy pool in the haugh close by. Scott conjectured, from this tradition and a passage in Nisbet's *Heraldry*, that this was the Deucharswyre, where Walter, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlstane, was waylaid and slain by his brother-in-law, John Scott of Tushielaw, the feud having been caused by the lady's father allotting her a dowry larger than her grasping brother could approve. By Mr T. Craig-Brown's "History of Selkirkshire," however, a new light has been shed on the subject. The slain Walter Scott of the duel at Deucharswyre, it appears, was not a brother-in-law of Scott of Tushielaw, his opponent,

his wife being a daughter of Sir Patrick Porteous. Deuchar, moreover, lies somewhat further down the Yarrow—a peel called Deuchar Tower having stood at the north-west end of the old bridge over the river below Yarrow Kirk. The ballad must therefore be taken to refer to another incident. This seems to be furnished by the records of the Presbytery of Selkirk. In these it is recorded that in 1616 Walter Scott of Tushielaw made "an informal and inordinat marriage with Grizell Scott of Thirlstane, without consent of her father." Three months after the elopement, the same records contain entry of a summons to Simeon Scott of Bonytoun, an adherent of Thirlstane, and three other Scotts, "to compear in Melrose to hear themselves excommunicat for the horrible slaughter of Walter Scott." Here then, it would appear, is the most probable subject of the ballad, agreeing both with tradition and with the narrative of the unknown poet.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,[1]
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

[1] Reckoning.

"O, stay at hame, my noble lord,
O, stay at hame, my marrow![1]
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

"O, fare ye weel, my lady gay!
Fareweel, my winsome marrow!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie houms o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank
I wot he gaed with sorrow,
Till he espied nine armèd men
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

"O, come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow?"

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane,
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks o' Yarrow."

[1] match, mate.

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
Till a coward knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell my winsome marrow
To come and lift her leafu' lord,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

As he gaed o'er yon high, high hill,
As he had done before, O,
It's there he met his sister dear,
Fast running on to Yarrow.

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream,
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the birk sae green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"O, gentle wind, that bloweth south
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"For in the glen strive armed men;
They 've wrought me dule and sorrow;
They 've slain—the comeliest knight they 've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dule and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
  She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed him till her lips grew red,
  On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
  For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed you to a better lord
  Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O, haud your tongue, my father dear!
  Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
  Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

Such is the pitiful story of the place as told by tradition and song—the story to which, most of all, perhaps, the quiet little valley owes its fame.

Another ballad exists in fragmentary form, which is supposed by some to refer to the same incident as the ballad just quoted. It refers, at any rate, to a similar tragedy—one which must have been frequent enough in the days when might was right—of a lady losing her lover by violence or accident; but the finding of the slain man occurs in a different way.

"WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW."

"Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
  And Willie's wondrous bonnie,
And Willie hecht[1] to marry me
  Gin e'er he married ony.

[1] Promised.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The nicht I 'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter nicht,
I 'll lie twined[1] o' my marrow.

"O cam' ye by yon water side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or cam' you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willie?"

"She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleavin' o' a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

"She 's ta'en three links o' her yellow hair,
That hung down lang and yellow,
And she 's tied it about sweet Willie 's waist,
And drawn him out o' Yarrow.

In the early part of last century a sequel to the ancient ballad of "The Dowie Dens," was written by Hamilton of Bangour.[2] This for its

[1] Twined, deprived.

[2] William Hamilton of Bangour—so called to distinguish him from William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, the translator of Henry the Minstrel's *Wallace* into modern Scots—was born in 1704, of an ancient Ayrshire family. Before the age of twenty he was a contributor to Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and for his refinement and accomplishments he was presently spoken of in the fashionable world of his time as "the elegant and amiable Hamilton." He joined the rising of '45, and distinguished himself by an ode on Gladsmuir (otherwise Prestonpans) as laureate of the Jacobites. After Culloden he shared the perils and privations of the Prince's other

beauty and pathos merits a place in the poetry of the spot only second to the traditional song.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow!"

"Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where got ye that winsome marrow!"
"I got her where I durst not weel be seen—
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

followers among the mountains, before escaping to France. Afterwards pardoned, and having his estates restored to him, he returned home; but falling ill of consumption, he died at Lyons in 1754. Sir George Douglas, Bart., to whose very interesting collection of *Scottish Minor Poets* these particulars are owed, adds:—"It is probably unnecessary to remind the reader that 'The Braes of Yarrow,' with its yearning pathos, its fresh touches of nature, its tragic passion, and its haunting tune, has the distinction of having served as a source of inspiration to Wordsworth."

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow!

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes is heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

"What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What 's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears—
His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around, in woeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast—
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold! a stronger arm
Thou met'st—and fell on the braes of Yarrow!"

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!"

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk, a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk, a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love—
My love, as he had not been a lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewin'!
Ah, wretched me! I little, little knew
He was in these to meet his ruin!

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that woeful, woeful day;
I sang—my voice the woods returning;
But long ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailèd in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me:—
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love—
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O, could my warmth to life restore thee,
Ye 'd lie all night between my breasts—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts—
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs—
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

Yarrow, however, it would appear, has reason much greater than has hitherto been generally supposed, to be looked on as a place of tragic grief. A still more ancient, if less known, interest exists about this spot; for the great stones standing here are not, as locally supposed, memorials of the conflict celebrated in the ballad of "The


Dowie Dens O Yarrow

Dowie Dens." There are, in all, four stones standing — one close by the entrance to Yarrow Kirk; another, "The Warrior's Rest," at the shepherd's house; a third, said by tradition to be the scene of the tragedy, in the manse glebe; and the fourth, the stone containing the inscription, on the farm of Whitehope. Previous to 1808 the neighbourhood of the glebe was a low waste moor, with some twenty large cairns upon it, in which, when opened, were found some heaps of fine yellow dust and the head of an antique spear. About three hundred yards further to the west, when the strath was being broken in by the plough, a large flat stone was laid bare. It contained a Latin inscription, rudely engraved, and under it were discovered human bones and ashes. This block of greywacke is the famous Yarrow Stone, and the lettering upon it is said to be the only known inscription of the British Cymry, who, after the legions left, held the country between the Roman walls—the race of whom Arthur was king. The first part of the lettering has been made out as "Hic memoria Cetiloi;" and an ingenious archæologist in the *Glasgow Herald*, a few years ago, by comparing the chronicles of Bede and Tighernæ, identified in

the spot the Denisesburn, and, according to Nennius, the Catscaul (the latter name remains transposed in Catslack Burn close by), where in 632 A.D., in a great battle of rival races, Catlon, King of the Britons, was defeated and slain by Oswald, King of the Angles of Northumbria. Following this clue the same writer suggested, as the complete rendering of the inscription: "This stone is in memory of Cetilon and his son, Princes and Imperators of Dumnogenium." By this rendering, he concludes, "the Cetilon of the Yarrow Stone would be proved to be the Cadwalla of Bede and of the Saxon Chronicle, who was a more cruel and bitter enemy to the Angles than Arthur." A strange and terrible chapter of history to be turned up by the share of a peaceful plough!

But memories of many centuries gather thickly in the little valley. At all times the Borderland has felt the stirring of the nation's tides, and the legends of Yarrow form a fair index to the history of the country at large. During one of the Border feuds an ancestress of the Buccleuch family was burned to death in Catslack Tower, now demolished. To the same tower, as

a well-known ballad relates, came Jamie Telfer in distress, on his way to Branksome Ha' to claim the help of Buccleuch, on a night of 1582—

> And when he cam' to the Catslack hill
> He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
> Till out and spak' him William's Wat,
> "O wha 's this brings the fray to me?"
>
> "It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
> A harried man I think I be!
> The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
> For God's sake rise and succour me!"

The mighty "Beetle of Yarrow" lies buried in Yarrow Kirkyard, where also lies the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. Further, beside the relics of mediæval and prehistoric times, the history of the Covenanting struggle might be read by the light of its associations here. Yarrow Manse was the dwelling of John Brenner, of evil memory. One of the curates thrust upon the people by the prelatic acts of Charles II., he is notorious for having played the unworthy part of spy upon his flock. By means of a certain "strange gaunt woman," he was wont to furnish the Government with tidings of conventicles about to be held among the hills, and

in this way betrayed the lives of many of the people among whom he was placed, until at last they shot him through his own parlour window.

Within the last hundred years Yarrow Manse has become famous in a gentler way, and has furnished more than one contribution to the literature of the countryside. It was in succession the abode of the Russells, father and son, to whose joint memories and knowledge of the district, its legends, history, and antiquities, are owed the delightful 'Reminiscences of Yarrow,'[1] while its present occupant, the Rev. R. Borland, has but recently brought together most of the verse, ancient and modern, of the storied valley, in his book of 'Yarrow, its Poets and Poetry.'[2]

Point after point as the valley descends strikes a chord of old-world interest. Presently the road plunges into the darkness under the heavy woods of Hangingshaw. Here, where the air is rich with wandering forest-scents, stood the stronghold of the Outlaw Murray, prince of the Ishmael-

[1] Published in 1886, after the death of Dr James Russell.

[2] To both of these books the present writer has to acknowledge much indebtedness for memories and details of the district.

ites of the Border, whose famous "Sang," or ballad, Scott says, was popular for ages in Selkirkshire. Not one stone now remains upon another of a stronghold which was once alike the pride and menace of all Ettrick Forest. For centuries it was the seat of the family of Murray, afterwards of Philiphaugh, of which the famous Outlaw was, in the time of James IV., the head. According to tradition, he was a man of immense strength, who, with a huge beetle or club, laid waste the country for miles around. Whether or not the "Sang" relates an actual incident in the life of this warrior remains uncertain. So early as the time of Bruce and Baliol the Philiphaugh family were settled in the district, and it seems more likely that the ballad refers to some incident during the feeble reigns of David II., Robert II., or Robert III. By a charter of James IV., dated November 30, 1509, the hereditary sheriffship of Ettrick Forest was vested in John Murray of Philiphaugh; and it seems probable, as Scott suggests, that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the sheriffship by James IV. with some earlier dispute occurring between the Murrays and their sovereign.

In any case, the ballad affords one of the best pictures extant of a mediæval Border episode. The scene of the incidents which it describes was probably the neighbourhood of Hangingshaw itself. Mr Plummer, sheriff-depute of Selkirk, indeed, informed Scott that he remembered over the castle doorway the insignia of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad.

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

Ettrick Forest is a fair forest,
In it grows mony a seemly tree;
There's hart and hind, and dae and rae,
And of a' wild beasts great plentie.

There's a fair castle, bigg'd[1] wi' lime and stane;
O! gin it stands not pleasantly!
In the forefront o' that castle fair
Twa unicorns are braw to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a lady bright,
And the green hollin abune their brie.

There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men;
He keeps a royal company;
His merrymen are a' in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincoln green so gay to see;
He and his lady in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royally!

[1] built.

Word is gane to our noble king
In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
That there was an outlaw in Ettrick Forest,
Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay,[1]

"I make a vow," then the gude king said,
"Unto the Man that dear bought me,
I'll either be king of Ettrick Forest,
Or king of Scotland that Outlaw shall be!"

Then spak' the lord, hight[2] Hamilton,
And to the noble king said he,
"My sovereign prince, some counsel take,
First at your nobles, syne at me.

"I rede[3] ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,
And see if your man come will he;
Desire him come and be your man,
And hold of you yon Forest free.

"If he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his lands and he,
Or else we'll throw his castle down,
And make a widow of his gay ladye."

The king then called a gentleman,
James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother was he).
When James he cam' before the king,
He knelt before him on his knee.

"Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king;
"A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hie to Ettrick Forest,
To yon outlaw, where bideth he:

[1] his gay court following. [2] named. [3] counsel.

"Ask him of whom he halds his lands,
Or man, wha may his master be;
And desire him come and be my man,
And hald of me yon Forest free.

"To Edinburgh to come and gang,
His safe warrant I shall gi'e;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We 'll conquess baith his lands and he.

"Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castle down,
And mak' a widow of his gay ladye;
I 'll hang his merrymen pair by pair,
In ony frith[1] where I may them see."

James Boyd took his leave o' the noble king,
To Ettrick Forest fair cam' he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam',
He saw the fair Forest with his e'e.

Baith dae and rae, and hart and hind,
And of all wild beasts great plentie;
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,
And arrows whidderan'[2] him near by.

Of that fair castle he got a sight;
The like he ne'er saw with his e'e!
On the forefront o' that castle fair
Twa unicorns were gay to see,
The picture of a knight, and a lady bright,
And the green hollin abune their brie.

[1] field. [2] whirring.

Thereat he spied five hundred men,
Shooting with bows on Newark Lea;
They were a' in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincoln green so gay to see.

His men were a' clad in the green,
The knight was armèd *cap à pie*,
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed,
And I wot they ranked right bonnily.

Thereby Boyd kenn'd he was master man,
And served him in his ain degree.
"God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray!
Thy lady, and all thy chivalry!"
"Marry, thou's welcome, gentleman,
Some king's messenger thou seems to be."

"The king of Scotland sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee.
I would wot of whom ye hold your lands,
Or man, wha may thy master be?"

"These lands are mine!" the Outlaw said;
"I ken nae king in Christentie;
Frae Southron I this Forest wan,
When the king nor his knights were not to see."

"He desires you 'll come to Edinburgh,
And hold of him this Forest free;
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
He 'll conquess baith thy lands and thee—
He hath vowed to cast thy castle down,
And make a widow of thy gay ladye;

"He 'll hang thy merrymen pair by pair,
In ony frith where he may them find."
"Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,
"Then would I think me far behind.

Ere the king my fair country get—
This land that 's nativest to me—
Mony o' his nobles shall be cauld,
Their ladies shall be right wearie."

Then spake his lady, fair of face;
She said, "Without consent of me,
That an outlaw should come before a king—
I am right rad[1] of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his lords at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord shall never see."

James Boyd took his leave o' the Outlaw keen,
To Edinburgh boun is he;
When James he cam' before the king
He knelit lowly on his knee.

"Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king;
"What forest is Ettrick Forest free?"
"Ettrick Forest is the fairest forest
That ever man saw wi' his e'e.

"There 's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hind,
And of a' wild beasts great plentie;
There's a pretty castle o' lime and stane;
O gif it stands not pleasantly!

"There 's in the forefront o' that castle
Twa unicorns, sae braw to see;
There 's the picture of a knight, and a lady bright,
Wi' the green hollin abune their brie.

[1] afraid.

"There the Outlaw keeps five hundred men;
He keeps a royal company;
His merrymen in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincoln green sae gay to see;
He and his lady in purple clad;
O! gin they live not royally!

"He says yon Forest is his own;
He wan it frae the Southronie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kings in Christentie."

"Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus baith;
Fife up and down, and the Lothians three,
And graith my horse!" said our noble king,
"For to Ettrick Forest hie will I me."

Then word is gane the Outlaw till,
In Ettrick Forest, where dwelleth he,
That the king was coming to his country,
To conquess baith his lands and he.

"I mak' a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak' a vow, and that truly,
Were there but three men to take my part,
Yon king's coming full dear should be!"

Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedily:—
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead is he.

"He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him come quick and succour me;
The king comes on for Ettrick Forest,
And landless men we a' will be."

"What news? What news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as we would; seeking your aid;
The king's his mortal enemy."

"Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif ye lose fair Ettrick Forest,
He 'll tak' fair Moffatdale frae me.

"I 'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae[1] may be;
And before he gets the Forest fair,
We a' will die on Newark Lea!"

The Outlaw called a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedily
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool:—
"That man 's a dear cousin to me;
Desire him come, and make me aid,
With a' the power that he may be."

"It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
"Judge gif it stands na hard with me;
To enter against a king wi' crown,
And set my lands in jeopardy!
Yet, if I come not on the day,
Surely at night he shall me see."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,
A messenger came right speedily.
"What news? What news?" James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"

[1] more.

"What needs I tell? for weel ye ken,
The king 's his mortal enemy;
And now he is coming to Ettrick Forest,
And landless men ye a' will be."

"And, by my troth," James Murray said,
"Wi' that Outlaw will I live and dee;
The king has gifted my lands lang syne—
It cannot be nae worse wi' me."

The king was coming through Caddon Ford,
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the dark Forest them before,
They thought it awesome for to see.

Then spak' the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the noble king said he—
"My sovereign liege, some counsel tak',
First at your nobles, syne at me,

"Desire him met thee at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his company;
Five earls shall gang yoursel' before,
Gude cause that you should honoured be.

"And gif he refuses to do that,
We 'll conquess baith his lands and he;
There shall never a Murray, after him,
Hold land in Ettrick Forest free."

Then spak' the keen laird of Buccleuch,
A stalwart man, and stern was he:—
"For a king to gang an Outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and dignity.

"The man that wons[1] yon forest intil,
He lives by reif[2] and felony!
Wherefore, braid[3] on, my sovereign liege!
Wi' fire and sword we 'll follow ye;
Or, gif your courtrie lords fa' back,
Our Borderers shall the onset gie."

Then out and spake the noble king,
And round him cast a wily e'e:—
"Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felony;
For had every honest man his ain kye,
A right puir clan thy name would be!"

The king then called a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer there was he;
James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name;
He cam' and knelt upon his knee.

"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Surely where bauldly bideth he.

"Bid him meet me at Penmanscore,
And bring four in his company;
Five earls shall come wi' mysel',
Gude reason I should honoured be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him look for nae good o' me!
There shall never a Murray, after him,
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."

[1] dwells. [2] robbery. [3] haste.

James cam' before the Outlaw keen,
And served him in his ain degree :—
"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!
What message frae the king to me?"

"He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,
And bring four in your company;
Five earls shall gang himself before,
Nae mair in number will he be.

"And, gif you refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive[1] wi' ye),
He 'll cast yon bonnie castle down,
And make a widow o' that gay ladye.

"He 'll loose yon bluidhound Borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will never a Murray, after thysel',
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me!
Wha reck not losing of mysel',
But a' my offspring after me.

"My merrymen's lives, my widow's tears—
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straught in bluidy eard,[2]
Yon castle will be right dreary.

"Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye shall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,
We 'll be nae mae in company."

[1] deal, *lit.* deliver up. [2] straight in bloody earth.

When that they cam' before the king
They fell before him on their knee:—
"Grant mercy, mercy, noble king!
E'en for His sake that died on tree."

"Siccan like mercy shall ye have:
On gallows ye shall hangit be!"
"Over God's forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,
"I hope your grace will better be!
Else ere you come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded shall ye be.

"These lands of Ettrick Forest fair,
I wan them from the enemy;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kings in Christentie."

All the nobles the king about
Said, "Pity it were to see him dee!"
"Yet grant me mercy, sovereign prince—
Extend your favour unto me!

"I 'll give thee the keys of my castle,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me Sheriff of this Forest,
And a' my offspring after me."

"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castle,
Wi' the blessing o' thy gay ladye?
I 'll make thee sheriff of Ettrick Forest,
Surely while upward grows the tree
If you be not traitor to the king,
Forfaulted[1] shalt thou never be."

[1] Forfeited.

"But, Prince, what shall come o' my men?
When I go back, traitor they 'll ca' me.
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ere my merrymen rebuked me."

"Will your merrymen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I grant thee.
Now, name thy lands where'er they lie,
And here I render them to thee."

"Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiels, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

"And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lea and Hanging Shaw;
I have mony steads in the Forest shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

The keys of the castle he gave the king,
Wi' the blessing o' his fair ladye;
He was made Sheriff of Ettrick Forest,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
And if he was na traitor to the king,
Forfaulted he should never be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Siccan an Outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour get before a king,
As did the Outlaw Murray of the Forest free?

After passing, close to the stream, under the shade of the wooded heights on the opposite bank, the village of Yarrowford, with its lights twinkling

through the dusk, its pleasant sound of voices, and the tinkle of the village smithy, the road crosses the Yarrow. Swift and dark, and with deep, cool gurgle, the river runs here below its bridge. A lonely and eerie spot it is at such an hour, in the heart of the dark, still woods—the haunt, it well might be, of the ghosts of old marauders, booted and spurred.

The road at this point runs through a sharp angle of the lands of "Sweet Bowhill," a favourite Scottish seat of the Duke of Buccleuch; then the river, murmuring underneath, is crossed again, and the path makes downwards for Foulshiels.

Roofless and tenantless now, the roadside cottage, though humble enough, was a comfortable farmhouse when Mungo Park was born there on 10th September, 1771. The holding was tenanted by his family; hither, after his first adventurous journey into the interior of Africa, he returned to rest, and to taste the early sweets of married life; and from this home he finally started on the Niger journey from which he was never to return. It was just before leaving on that final expedition that the explorer paid a visit to Scott at Ashiestiel which, ending as it did, has become

historic. According to Lockhart, it was towards the end of autumn when Park made his farewell visit. After sleeping at Ashiestiel, he set off to ride home across the hills, his host accompanying him. The departing guest, who was full of the project of his new journey, talked of little else. He had but lately married an amiable and beautiful wife, and, among other matters, he mentioned that to save the pain of parting he had determined to say that he had business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and to send his farewells from there. As the riders reached Williamhope ridge, and looked down on Yarrow, the mists floating in the valley below struck Scott's mind as an emblem of the uncertain prospect lying before his friend. He hinted his thought, but his companion, whose mind was made up, was not to be moved. At last they reached the spot where they had agreed to separate. Here, in crossing the small ditch which divided the road from the moor, Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said Scott, "that is a bad omen." Park, however, answered with an old adage, "Freits follow them that look to them;" and in a few moments the friends had parted for the last time.

Opposite, crowning the south bank of the Yarrow, rises "the shattered front of Newark's towers." Once a hunting-seat of James II., the stronghold became, later, the castle of "the bold Buccleuch," and chivalry and tragedy in turn found their home within its walls. In its courtyard the Covenanters massacred their royalist prisoners in cold blood after Philiphaugh;[1] burying them in the field to the south still known as "The Slain Men's Lea." And in Newark, Scott pitched the scene of his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," reviving the old tower's memories of the past to such effect that to the fancy the place is peopled for all time, by his wizard touch, with dame, and squire, and knight, maiden and minstrel, of a vanished age.

The wanderer to-day about the spot may come upon a little mount, fir-clad, that seems waiting for its story. It is said to have been part of the

[1] Wishart's *Memoirs of Montrose.* — A Covenanted minister present at the execution of these prisoners, observed, "This wark goes bonnilie on!" an amiable exclamation equivalent to the modern *ça ira*, so often used on similar occasions. Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather" says that when a part of Slain Men's Lea was being opened about the beginning of this century for the foundations of a schoolhouse, bones and skulls were dug up in great quantities, proving the truth of the country tradition as to the place of burial of the murdered men.


Newark Castle

ancient garden of the castle, and tradition runs that there the Outlaw Murray was at last slain by one of the Scotts.

Carterhaugh, the woody tongue of land below Bowhill, where Yarrow and Ettrick "rush into each other's arms," is the scene of one of the most famous and most ancient, as it is certainly one of the finest, of the Scottish fairy ballads. This may be left to tell its own tale.

TAMLANE.

"O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.

"There 's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But they leave him a wad,[1]
Either their rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little abune her bree;
And she 's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,
Tamlane was at the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel'.

[1] pledge.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up there started young Tamlane,
Says, "Lady, thou's pu' nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet?
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withouten my command?"

"Carterhaugh it is my ain;
My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little abune her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree,
And she is to her father's ha'
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
And out then cam' the fair Janet,
Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then cam' the fair Janet,
As green as ony glass.

Out then spak' an old grey knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa',
And says, "Alas! fair Janet, for thee,
But we'll be blamed a'!"

"Haud your tongue, ye auld-faced knight;
Some ill death may ye dee!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."

Out then spak' her father dear,
And he spak' meek and mild;
And ever, "Alas! sweet Janet," he says,
"I fear thou gaes wi' child."

"If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel' maun bear the blame;
There 's ne'er a laird about your ha'
Shall get the bairn's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he 's an elfin grey,
I wadna gi'e my ain true love,
For nae lord that ye ha'e.

"The steed that my true love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi' siller he is shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little abune her bree,
And she 's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam' to Carterhaugh,
Tamlane was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel'.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
When up there started young Tamlane,
Says, "Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonnie babe,
That we gat us between?"

"O tell me, tell me, Tamlane," she says,
"For 's sake that died on tree,
If e'er ye was in holy chapel,
Or Christendom did see?"

"Roxburgh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

"And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell;[1]
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell,
The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

"And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell;
Aye, at the end of seven years,
We pay a teind to hell;
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh,
I 'm feared it be mysel'.

[1] keen, piercing.

"But the night is Hallowe'en, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

"Just at the mirk and midnight hour,
The fairy folk will ride;
And they that wad their true love win
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane,
Or how my true love know,
Among sae mony unco[1] knights,
The like I never saw?"

"O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown;
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu' ye his rider down.

"For I 'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight,
They gi'e me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, lady,
My left hand will be bare;
Cocked up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimed down shall my hair;
And thae 's the tokens I gi'e thee:—
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They 'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

[1] unknown.

"They 'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

"Again they 'll turn me in your arms,
To a red-het gaud of airn;[1]
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I 'll do to you nae harm.

"And last they 'll turn me in your arms
Into the burning lead,
Then throw me into well water;
O throw me in wi' speed!

"And then I 'll be your ain true love—
I 'll turn a naked knight;
Then cover me wi' your green mantle,
And cover me out o' sight."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night
She heard the bridles ring;
The lady was as glad at that
As ony earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

[1] goad of iron.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tamlane did win;
Syne covered him wi' her green mantle,
As blythe 's a bird in spring.

Then out spak' the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom:
"Them that has gotten young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom."

Out then spak' the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry quean was she:
"Shame betide her ill-faured face,
And an ill death may she dee!
For she's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my company.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"What now this night I see,
I wad ha'e ta'en out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree."

The ballad records, it is said, the last appearance of the fairy-folk to mortal eyes in Scotland, though on the grass are still pointed out the rings traced by their starlight revels.

Carterhaugh for many a day was the scene of the local rustic sports, and one game at "the ba'" there, is especially on record, at which the Duke of Buccleuch led out the lads of one half of the shire,

to contest the day with the lads of the other half, backed by the Laird of Abbotsford.[1]

One more point of interest remains—the wood-hung battlefield, now the park about the mansion-house of Philiphaugh, the seat, till 1890, of the descendants of the Outlaw Murray.[2] Here, by Leslie's surprise and defeat of Montrose, in 1645, the cause of the First Charles was finally lost in Scotland. By some strange oversight Montrose had left his infantry encamped on the field, while he himself, with the cavalry, quartered in Selkirk, a mile away. Leslie, coming up at dawn from Melrose, seized the opportunity, and cut the Royalist infantry to pieces before the cavalry could come to their assistance; and dire and effectual was the work done here by the Covenanting broadswords on that misty September morning. This fray—in which the Great Montrose, the noble "who, with resources which seemed as none, gained six victories and reconquered a kingdom; who, a poet, a scholar, a cavalier, and a general, could alike grace a court and govern

[1] See Russell's *Reminiscences of Yarrow*, p. 322.

[2] In 1890 Philiphaugh passed into the hands of Mr Strang Steel, its present owner.

a camp," was finally overthrown—is celebrated in a bald Covenanting ballad preserved in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border." The first three verses afford some light on the encounter—

On Philiphaugh the fray began,
  At Harehead wood it ended;
The Scots out o'er the Graemes they ran;
  Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the Border came,
  Wi' heart and hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonnie Scots
  To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
  A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel concealed,
  As close as e'er might be.

But presently, to the belated wanderer, the lights of Selkirk appear, begemming like fireflies the darkness of the opposite hillside. There the touch of the busy world—newspapers and letters—will be felt again; and there, after the long day's ramble among the storied scenes of this quiet Border valley, will be found rest and refreshment amid the comforts of "mine inn."

IN THE WIZARD'S COUNTRY.

A PLACE with memories enough and an atmosphere all its own, is the pleasant Border town of Selkirk. Here of a sunny morning, it seems strange to realise that one is in the capital of Ettrick Forest, the ancient home of romance and outlawry, of eager valour and of storied sorrow.

A thriving little Border town it is, with its tweed mills down by the river. Nor is it unmindful of its past, or of those who spread its fame. Does not the statue of Sir Walter Scott, who was at one time its sheriff, stand there in the Market Place? And has it not set up a monument to Mungo Park, the explorer of Africa, with the scroll in his hand bearing his last bodeful words, "Die on the Niger?" "Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk" was a well-known gathering cry long ago in many a Border fight, and something of the stirring spirit of the townsfolk is to be read in their ancient local rhyme:—

Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,
And doun wi' the Earl o' Home!
And up wi' a' the braw lads
That sew the single-soled shoon.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green!
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled shoon.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal!
And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
And doun wi' the Merse to the deil![1]

Gallantly, if in vain, was the blood of the town spilt for the heroic Wallace on the fatal day at Falkirk in 1298, when the champion of freedom was finally defeated. Upon that occasion, it is said, the men of the district who were found among the slain were recognised by their stal-

[1] These rude but vigorous lines, there is every reason to believe, refer to the supposed conduct of the Earl of Home, who, with the Earl of Huntly, commanded the Scottish left wing at Flodden. The charge of treachery on that nobleman's part, however, a charge natural to the defeated side, has long since been proved groundless by historians.

The ancient occupation of the townsmen is still commemorated in the ceremony of conferring the freedom of the burgh. A few hog's bristles, such as are used by souters, or shoemakers, are fastened to the seal of the burgess ticket. It is necessary for the new burgess to dip these in his wine and pass them through his mouth in token of his respect for the guild.

wart forms. Some eighty of Selkirk's best, too, the far-famed "Flowers of the Forest," fell on Flodden Field. For the valour of these last a fearful vengeance was wreaked upon the town by the victors; fire, sword, and rapine making the place a desert. That valour, however, as well as its terrible penalty, was warmly recognised by James V. by new charter rights and princely grants of land. An English standard captured at Flodden and brought home by the survivors was long the property of the Weavers' Corporation of the burgh, and is still proudly exhibited;[1] and a townsman still keeps the sword of his ancestor, William Brydone, the gallant town-clerk, who, on that dire field, as leader of the little band, received the honour of knighthood from James IV. Selkirk, indeed, has a tender place in the hearts of all Scotsmen, for there is none but has felt the sweet pity of forgotten sorrow stir within him at the singing of its lament:—

[1] Fletcher, the man who brought home the English flag, is said to have left four brothers dead upon the field. The only surviving member of the Weavers' Corporation is the well-known writer whose contributions to literature appear above the signature "J. B. Selkirk." A poem from his pen appears on a subsequent page.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now there is moaning in ilka green loaning;
The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lanely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst at the shearing nae youths now are jeering;
Bandsters are runkled and lyart and grey;
At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching;
The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border;
The English for ance by guile wan the day:
The flowers o' the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning in ilka green loaning—
The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.[1]

[1] The first and last lines of this lament, as well as the tune to which it is sung, are ancient; the remainder, which presents a series of pictures hardly equalled for simplicity and pathos, was the composition, towards the close of last

Perhaps the latest echo of the sorrow of that woeful time is to be found in a fine poem contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* in November, 1885, by "J. B. Selkirk," a writer in whose work are represented with singular faithfulness alike the spirit and the powers of the ancient Forest singers.

SELKIRK AFTER FLODDEN.

It 's but a month the morn,
  Sin' a' was peace and plenty;
Our hairst was halflins shorn,
  Eident[1] men, and lasses denty;
But noo it 's a' distress—
  Never mair a merry meetin';
For half the bairns are faitherless,
  And a' the women greetin'.
    O Flodden Field!

century, of Miss Jean Elliot, of Minto. Some words of the dialect may be translated:—*Loaning*, a lane; *wede away*, weeded away; *bughts*, sheepfolds; *scorning*, rallying; *dowie*, doleful; *daffin' and gabbin'*, joking and chatting; *leglin*, milk-pail; *hairst*, harvest; *shearing*, reaping; *bandsters*, sheaf-binders; *runkled and lyart*, wrinkled and turning grey; *fleeching*, coaxing; *wae*, woeful.

Another set of verses with the same title, but beginning "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," by Miss Alison Rutherford of Fairnalie, afterwards Mrs Cockburn, is probably more frequently sung. This is accounted for by the fact that its language is modern, and therefore more easily understood. It cannot, however, be considered so fine as the lament above printed, nor can it be taken to refer, except very distantly, to the disaster of Flodden.

[1] diligent.

Miles and miles round Selkirk toun,
  Where Forest flowers are fairest,
Ilka lassie's stricken doun,
  Wi' the fate that fa's the sairest.
A' the lads they used to meet
  By Ettrick braes or Yarrow,
Lyin' thrammelt[1] head and feet
  In Brankstone's deadly barrow!
O Flodden Field!

Frae every cleuch[2] and clan,
  The best o' the braid Border
Rose, like a single man,
  To meet the royal order.
Our burgh toun itsel'
  Sent its seventy doun the glen;
Ask Fletcher how they fell,
  Bravely fechtin', ane to ten!
O Flodden Field!

Round about their gallant king,
  For country and for croun,
Stude the dauntless Border ring,
  Till the last was hackit doun.
I blame na what has been—
  They maun fa' that canna flee—
But oh, to see what I hae seen,
  To see what now I see!
O Flodden Field!

There stands the gudeman's loom
  That used to gang sae cheerie,
Untented noo, and toom,[3]
  Makin' a' the hoose sae eerie,

[1] twisted together. [2] precipice, narrow glen. [3] unheeded and empty.

Till the sicht I canna dree ;[1]
For the shuttles lyin' dumb
Speak the loudlier to me
O him that winna come.
O Flodden Field !

Sae at nicht I cover 't o'er
Just to haud it frae my e'en,
But I haena yet the power
To forget what it has been ;
And I listen through the hoose
For the chappin' o' the lay,[2]
Till the scrapin' o' a moose
Taks my vera braith away.
O Flodden Field !

Then I turn to sister Jean,
And my airms aboot her twine ;
And I kiss her sleepless een,
For her hairt's as sair as mine —
A hairt ance fu' o' fun,
And hands that ne'er were idle,
Wi' a' her cleedin'[3] spun
Against her Jamie's bridal.
O Flodden Field !

Noo we've naither hands nor hairt—
In our grief the wark's forgotten,
Though it's wanted every airt,[4]
And the craps are lyin' rotten.

[1] endure. [2] knocking of the loom-frame.
[3] clothing. [4] direction.

War's awesome blast's gane by
And left a land forlorn;
In daith's dool hairst they lie,
The shearers and the shorn.
O Flodden Field!

It would be difficult for the dwellers themselves in such a town ever to become altogether sordid while a scene of such natural loveliness and historic interest lies spread under their eyes. One wonders what objection to the spot the monks of old could cherish when they petitioned and had their house removed to Kelso. For the Abbey of Kelso was once the Abbey of Selkirk. Even its commerce contributes something of picturesqueness to the place, as, in the clear morning light, the grey smoke, rising from the mills below, floats softly down the valley.

Growing originally around a hunting-seat of the early Scottish kings, "the Kirk of the Shielings," or *Schelechyrch*, as it once was written (or, perhaps, Selechyrch, "The Kirk of the Wood"), was for a time two hamlets, Selkirk Regis and Selkirk Abbatis. Upon the removal of the monastery in 1126, however, this distinction passed away. Hardly to be surpassed, as it must always have been, for situation, the town clings, like some ancient Italian city, to its steep hillside, over-

hanging the river. Opposite, in a hollow of the wooded hills, lies the scene of Leslie's victory over the "Great Marquis;" and the Ettrick between flows away fair and broad to meet the Tweed above Abbotsford.

Until some fifty years ago the house was still standing in Selkirk where Montrose slept on the night before that fatal 13th of September; and it is easy to imagine the scene in the little town when, roused by the firing which told that the camp of his infantry beyond the Ettrick had been surprised, the Royalist general hastily gathered his cavalry together and galloped out of the place in the vain hope of retrieving the day. Alas for Marquis! alas for King! Here, as frequently elsewhere in life, a single error of judgment undid the brilliant work of years.

A memorial granite slab in the wall by the road, marks the site of the old Forest Inn, where, "after a miserable day's wet riding," Robert Burns slept a night on his Border tour in 1787, and where he wrote his humorous poem to William Creech. So much interest is attached even to the passing of one of the master-singers. The tablet may serve to remind the wayfarer that the Ayr-

shire bard was by no means the untravelled and unlettered peasant he is too often supposed to have been. The man who never went to the plough but with a copy of one of the poets in his pocket was also no inconsiderable traveller for that time, both on the Scottish Border and in the Highlands.

It was upon another occasion in Selkirk that a characteristic incident, which has been chronicled by Dr Russell in his *Reminiscences*, befell the poet. Burns had walked over from Kelso with his friend Ainslie, and, tired and hungry, they were taking some refreshment here, when they heard sounds of hilarious mirth from an apartment overhead. The poet seldom neglected possibilities of good-fellowship, and, with a view to discover what was going on, he addressed the waiter. "My lad," he said, "you seem to have a prayer-meeting upstairs." "O na, sir," replied the youth; "it's just a wheen o' the fermers and their frien's met thegither and enjoyin' themsel's at a kind o' club they have." "Go up, then," said the poet, "present the compliments of two visitors, strangers to the town, who have just arrived, and say we would be glad to join the company, if agreeable to them." Upstairs, however, the message was received some-

what coldly. Enquiries were made as to what the strangers were like; and on the waiter describing them as "very like country drovers," a reply was sent back that it would not be convenient to receive them. It was not till next day that the members of the club discovered how, through their own refusal, they had missed their first and probably their last opportunity of "a nicht wi' Burns."

Flock after flock of sheep, on a market morning, may be met on their way up into the town, each attended by one of the shepherds of Yarrow and his faithful collie. Tall men these shepherds are, every one, spare in build, with kindly eyes and a pleasant speech; clad in rough, homely tweeds, and with the native "shepherd tartan" plaid of black and white thrown over the shoulder. Some have come far, and are warm with the dust and the sunshine. Noticing them as they come across the bridge, together with the "eident" anglers plying their craft in the deep pool below, one perceives that the sons of the Forest are still a stately race.

The road to Abbotsford keeps the south side of the river, and, past the joining of Ettrick and Tweed, leads through quiet woodland aisles, where

the trees overhead are aflame with their autumn glories. The sunshine, striking through the branches, chequers the floor of these silent avenues with gold. Here and there, through the foliage on the left, a glimpse is caught of the river flowing cool and clear below, while on the further sunny hillside a pleasant modern mansion once and again appears. On that hillside, silent and strange contrast to the elegance of new-clipt hedge and shrubbery, survives a remnant of an ancient national barrier, the Catrail, the frontier defence of the northern Picts against the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde.[1]

But here at last, the Mecca of many a pilgrimage, beautiful amid its quiet walled lawns and coloured flowerbeds, in a hollow below the road, lies Abbotsford, a house of crow-stepped gables, octagonal towers, and sunny doorways—the fair "romance in stone and lime" conjured out of the river bank by the great "Wizard." About it the trees planted by himself still stand, withering into another autumn, and motionless, as if they remembered. And below,

[1] This ancient ditch-and-rampart fortification has been carefully traced by Professor Veitch for a distance of about fifty miles, from the side of Peel Fell, one of the Cheviots, near the source of the Liddel, to Mossilee, near the junction of the Tweed and the Gala.

amid the stillness, may be heard the ripple of the waters which he loved to hear as he sat at work by the open window of his study.

Amid all the sadness of the spot, the energising influence of a wholesome genius breathes yet in the air of Abbotsford. Here Scott realised his ideals, as, it is well to remember, other men may who, like him, cherish their early enthusiasm and keep the iron out of their souls. Here he won his baronetcy, acquired broad lands, and founded a family. And here, at the acme of his fame, and the summit of his ambition, fell upon him the blow of undeserved disaster. A mournful memory, withal, lingers about the silent rooms, where they keep so many relics of the noble dead. Was it not within them, and for the sake of this, his home, that he fought his almost hopeless battle against ruin, wearing out his generous heart in the effort to retrieve what others had lost? In a little oratory they preserve a cast of his head taken after death; and it is past all pitying to see the drawn look of the once genial face. Close by still rests the desk on which he wrote his wondrous prose —laughing, tender, terrible. On the wall at hand hangs the portrait of his wife, the Margaret Charlotte

Charpentier who, for nearly thirty years, shared the honours of him who could win and use honour so chivalrously—a sweet face, with cherry lips, dark hair, and large eyes, looking out of the past. And in the dining-room here, as his son-in-law, Lockhart, tells, on the 21st September, 1832, about half-past one of the afternoon, while the warm autumn air was coming in at the great window, and the gentle murmur of the Tweed was heard on its pebbles below—his tremendous task accomplished and his honour saved—with all his family about him, Sir Walter Scott died. Well may Scotsmen bow their heads reverently in this chamber, for to the soul which passed away within its walls Scotland owes more for the perpetuation of her glory and of the high-hearted chivalry of her past than she owes to any other man.

Something tragic belongs to the memory of the boundless hospitality which was lavished here upon visitors of all nations by the great Borderer. Even to the end that hospitality was exercised, and Wordsworth has left an account of his own late visit to the house in the autumn of 1831, from which may be formed some idea of the life at Abbotsford. It was after Scott's great

misfortunes, and his heroic effort to overcome them, had sorely broken the poet both in body and mind, and on the eve of his departure for Naples, in the vain hope of recovering health. Wordsworth says, describing his own arrival at the house, "The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr and Mrs Lockhart; Mr Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr Allan the painter; and Mr Laidlaw, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not await my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening, Mr and Mrs Liddell sang, and Mrs Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow." Notwithstanding the state of his health, Scott was still scrupulous in attention to his guests. "On Tuesday morning," continues Wordsworth, "Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle,

on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those, his favourite haunts. On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved."

The Lake poet expressed his feelings of that moment in one of his finest sonnets, which may fitly be read on the spot where it was inspired.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power, assembled here, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue

> Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

All sorts of interesting relics, gathered by its first owner, remain strewn throughout the house of Abbotsford. Here are the portraits of Prince Charles Edward, from which the descriptions of the Chevalier, in 'Waverley,' were evidently taken; with the keys of Loch Leven Castle, flung into the water by Willie Douglas as he effected Queen Mary's escape; also, the sword of Montrose, the gun of Rob Roy, the quaich of Burns, and the silver brooch of Flora Macdonald. Outside, too, at the gate, hang the jougs, emblem of baronial power, from Thrieve Castle, in Galloway, one of the ancient strongholds of the Douglas.

Relics of vivid interest, all these, to the modern visitor; yet it is instructive to think how much of that interest is owing to the work of their collector himself. Who would now remember the Highland cateran but for the romance of 'Rob Roy'? and even the glamour which hangs about the name of Charles Stuart might have been half-forgotten but for the pen of the master of Abbotsford. One realises more fully at this consideration


Abbotsford.

how royal was the heritage of thought created and bequeathed to the world by this last of the Border minstrels.

Many of the historic scenes in the neighbourhood owe their preservation entirely to Sir Walter. He extended the grounds of Abbotsford to include the Rhymer's Glen to the eastward, where it is said that True Thomas used to meet the Queen of Faërie,[1] and he enclosed the scene of the battle of Melrose, at Darnick Bridge, where, in 1526, Scott of Buccleugh sought to wrest the person of the youthful James V. from the hands of the Earl of Angus—the last great feudal battle of the Borders, and the fight in which, almost by an accident, at the close of the strife, occasion was given for one of the bitterest of family enmities:—

> "The gallant Cessford's life-blood dear
> Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear."

His estate, too, came down to the little village whose ruined peel-tower, now a museum, was

[1] At the foot of the Rhymer's Glen stands the somewhat romantic Chiefswood, where Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer, lived. In Chiefswood are preserved many pieces of furniture interesting for their association with the great novelist, among them being included the bureau on which he wrote 'The Pirate.'

probably in feudal times the residence of some church vassal, and from the name of which Scott's friends used in pleasantry to call him Duke of Darnick.[1]

It is not difficult to imagine the Laird of Abbotsford on a sunny afternoon, when his morning's work was over, strolling hither with some guest, dilating as he went on the points of interest in sight, and ending his walk in the Abbey below. The latter lies no great distance away, and within the walls a fragment of stone is still pointed out which was his frequent and favourite resting-place.

Cistercian Melrose, russet-grey, hemmed by river and town! For nigh three hundred and fifty years the voice of the ancient faith has been silent amid its ruins; but sweet enough once was the sound of its bells, as the angelus floated out over flood and field, and the rude Borderer in the saddle and the simple peasant on the lea stopped to listen and cross themselves and murmur a prayer. Here, and in convent and monastery elsewhere, though the fact is too often forgotten, the flickering

[1] Darnick anciently contained two towers, which belonged respectively, it is said, to families of the names of Fisher and Hyton.

light of civilisation was kept alive, sheltered within the quiet cloisters, through a dark and stormy age. Arts, letters, commerce, and agriculture, as well as religion, alike owe their preservation to the men who dwelt long ago in these religious houses. In Melrose Abbey David I., it is said, gathered the learned men from all parts of Europe who compiled his famous code of laws; and in Melrose was written by successive monkish hands the account of Scots affairs from 735 to 1270, known as the *Chronica de Mailros.* The still monastic life of ancient times has passed from these walls for ever; but its effects, none the less real, are to be counted with to the present day.

Melrose Abbey was one of the numerous religious houses founded in the twelfth century by David I., and, owing largely to the example set by the monarch's benefactions it became presently perhaps the finest and richest monastery in Scotland. Indeed, for his lavish endowment of these houses in crown lands and privileges, David was said by one of his successors to have been "a sair sanct to the crown," and it is only of recent years that the wisdom of his action has been recognised. By placing so large a proportion

of the lands of the country under the rule of the church he exempted them almost entirely from the harassing burden of feudal service, and afforded them for more than a century and a half the immunity which religious property enjoyed in time of war. His far-seeing polity in this respect—a polity which directly benefitted his country for four centuries, and by which its civilisation was preserved and permanently moulded in many ways —David must be considered one of the greatest statesmen who have ruled Scotland.

David's abbey stood till 1322. In that year Edward II., returning with his balked and starving army from a futile expedition against Robert the Bruce, first broke the tradition of the sacredness of religious houses, and gratified his feelings of revenge, by attacking and destroying the defenceless monastery. Upon that occasion the prior and many of the monks were slain by the rude soldiery, the silver pix was carried off, and the bell of the church was thrown into the Tweed at Maxwheel, where it is said still to remain.

King Robert rebuilt and further endowed the abbey on a scale of royal magnificence, and it is practically his erection whose ruins remain at the

present day. The architect was John Morvo or Morow—probably a member of the Scottish family of Murray, notwithstanding the inscription on one of the walls which states that he was born in "Parysse." Regarding the execution of the beautiful eastern window—perhaps the finest remaining part of the ruins—a tradition exists which affords a very fair example of the popular tendency to invest fact with the glamour of the marvellous. The legend is somewhat similar to that related of the Prentice Pillar at Roslyn Chapel. The window is called the Prentice Window, and the tradition runs that the master-builder of the abbey found this part of the work beyond his powers. In order to consult the brothers of his craft he proceeded to Rome. During the master's absence, however, his apprentice finished the window, and, with natural pride, cut near it on the wall the lines,

> The best mason of masonry,
> Except the man that learned me.

Upon the master's return his astonishment at the accomplishment of the task was only equalled by chagrin that he should have been outdone in skill by his subordinate. Catching sight at the same moment of the inscription, and taking time

to read no more than the first line, he conceived himself not only outdone but flouted to his face, and forthwith he turned to the apprentice, who was standing by, waiting eagerly for his approval, and in a frenzy of wrath dashed out his brains. It was only later that he read the second line of the inscription, when his sorrow and remorse over his act may be understood.

For sixty years the abbey remained as it was left by Bruce, enjoying its stately rent-roll in kind—its payments of corn and ale and wine, its princely lordships, and its many rights of toll and fisheries. But in 1384, when the English forces under Richard II., once more starved and balked by similar tactics to those of King Robert, were in disastrous retreat, they took and burned the place. It was rebuilt, however, and in good repair in the time of James IV., when its inhabitants numbered no fewer than one hundred monks, besides lay brothers, and great dignitaries of the church. It stood then till 1544. In 1543 the proposals of Henry VIII. for the marriage of Mary, the infant Queen of Scots, to his son, had been rejected by the Regent and nobles of Scotland, and forthwith the English king proceeded

to wreak a brutal revenge on the fairest provinces of the north. Lord Hertford and an English army swept the Merse and the Lothians with sword and fire, leaving behind them nothing but the desolation of a blackened waste, destroying kirk and barn and tower, burning town and abbey, and laying in ashes even Holyrood and Edinburgh. The barbarity of Henry and his agents in these proceedings has probably never been matched by the deeds of any other power calling itself civilized. Men, women, and children were put to the sword, or, taken unawares, were suffocated and burned in their beds, and something of the havoc done may be gathered from the fact that one list submitted to the English king mentions one hundred and ninety-two "towns, towers, barnekynes, parysche churches, and bastill houses, burned and destroyed," while from the sack of Jedburgh the spoil carried away laded five hundred horses.[1] These doings were the subject of pious congratulations and thanks to God on the part of the ravagers, while, owing to

[1] Murdin's *State Papers*, Vol. I., p. 57, quoted in a note to Scott's 'Eve of St John;' also 'The Late Expedition in Scotland,' of 1544, printed in Dalzell's *Fragments*.

the internal distractions of Scotland at the time, the Border lords—Seton, Home, and Buccleuch—could only look on, powerless, from their mountain fastnesses.

By the ruthless proceedings of the invaders then Melrose was left a roofless ruin, and from that destruction it never recovered. Its last abbot was the eldest son of James V. He died in 1559, and in the ensuing scramble of the Reformation the abbey lands and heritages were partitioned among the temporal lordships of the Border. So fell the greatest and most famous of the religious houses of Scotland.

The ruins as they stand are pregnant with the memories of the deeds and the names which moulded nations. In the chapter-house of the Abbey it was, that, in 1215, the barons of Yorkshire swore fealty to Alexander II. Here, through the great eastern window, sometimes, the moonlight falls on the "Rest of the Heart of Robert the Bruce." Close by sleep the great lords of Douglas, one of them being the brave and chivalrous young earl who fell at Otterbourne; and among records of other old names of the Border on these walls, may be read the inscription, "Heir lyis

the Race of the Hous of Zair," a memorial which struck Emerson profoundly with its simple dignity. It is needless to recall all the network of romance woven about these ruins by the author of 'Waverley.' 'The Monastery' and the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' are in the hands of all, and have peopled the fallen pile with scenes and persons hardly less real than those of actual history. Who does not remember how, in the refectory here, the good Abbot Boniface feasted and granted his too frequent benevolences; and how, through yonder iron-studded door from the cloisters, came William of Deloraine for the book from the tomb of Michael Scot, when he was startled to find the blood-red cross of the window above cast full on the wizard's grave?

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
    By foliaged tracery combined.
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
    In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed many a prophet, and many a saint,
    Whose image on the glass was dyed.

Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Among the other storied graves of this Valhalla, this of Michael Scot possesses some of the most suggestive associations. Beside the tombs of military kings and of priestly bishops and abbots, his grave appears, the representative of the royalty of intellect, and a reminder of the homage which, even amid the darkness of an early time, popular intuition accorded to the master minds of letters and of science.

Sir Walter Scott in a note to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' has recorded some of the legends current regarding this forebearer of his name. The wizard, it seems, was in the habit of displaying his powers, and at the same time feasting his guests, by setting before them the choicest dishes which they might fancy, transferred on the instant by his magic arts from the kitchens of the King of France. Upon one occasion also, mounted on a coal-black demon steed, he is said to have paid a visit to the French court, where by the terrible portents which followed each stamp of his horse's

hoof, he induced the French king to surrender at discretion to his demands. Something of the awe of his reputation even in the time of the Stewarts may be gathered from the verse of a ballad quoted by Professor Veitch. The troops who have been quartered for a night in the tower where Scot was born are asked,

> What gars ye gaunt,[1] my merrymen a' ?
> What gars ye look sae eerie ?
> What gars ye hing your heids sae sair
> In the Castle o' Balwearie ?

His performances, it would appear, are almost as well known in the traditions of Italy and Spain as in those of Scotland. Some of his exploits are recited in Folengo's macaronic poem 'Merlin Coccaius.' Dante, in his 'Inferno' (*cant.* xx., 116), places Scot among the magicians and soothsayers; Boccaccio mentions him in the same relationship; and an indictment against him for the practice of unholy arts appears in the work on astrology by John Pico de Mirandola. Scottish tradition identifies him with Sir Michael Scot of Balwearie in Fife who, after the death of Alexander III., was one of the ambassadors sent to bring home the

[1] makes you yawn.

Maid of Norway. As, however, the wizard is said to have been born in 1190, and as references by Jourdain and Vincent de Beauvais corroborate this date, the ambassador was probably his son. Scot appears to have been a scholar of prodigious attainments. He is said to have studied at Oxford and Paris, he learned Arabic at Toledo, and he was a past master in astrology, alchemy, and medicine. Many of his works are still extant. His chief original writings, undertaken, as they expressly state, at the request of the emperor Frederick II., are the treatise 'Super Auctorem Spheræ,' printed at Bologna in 1495, and that 'De Physiognomia et de Hominis Procreatione,' which ran through eighteen editions between 1477 and 1660. At the request of Frederick he also undertook a new translation of Aristotle from the Arabic, the tongue through which the philosopher was then known, together with the commentaries of Averroes. By these works Scot appears entitled to be considered one of the earliest pioneers of the great mediæval awakening of intellect and learning, and one of the conspicuous examples of that Cymric power of initiative to which the world has owed so much. Probably it was partly

owing to his connection with Frederick and Averroes, both of uncanny repute in the Middle Ages, as well as to his own alchemical attainments, that Michael Scot owed his universal reputation of wizard. He is said to have foretold the place of Frederick's death in 1250, and Italian tradition relates that he himself died in Sicily not long afterwards. More general tradition, however, bears that he returned home to Scotland in something like a royal progress. In particular, it is said that on his way to the north he was received with great honour at the English Court by Edward I. One legend states that he was buried at Holme Cultram in Cumberland, but it is more generally believed that he was finally laid to rest in Melrose Abbey.

In 1812, in a small aisle south of the chancel here two stone coffins were found. One of them bore the carving of a St John's cross, and inside was discovered the skeleton of a tall man, six feet in length. The bones thus laid bare after the lapse of six centuries were identified by tradition as those of Michael Scot.[1] The wizard's resting-place is now pointed out under the lofty eastern

[1] See Bower's *Description*.

window, close to the high altar, and beside the tomb of Alexander II. and the burial spot of the heart of Bruce.

It was a beautiful idea of the monks of old, to make the windows through which the light of day fell into their churches emblems of the means by which spiritual light had fallen upon the world. Hardly could anything be poetically or architecturally finer than the crown-of-thorns window in the north transept here, or the windows with three curved mullions to represent the Trinity. Scott's description of the beauty of these details is much hackneyed, but remains unrivalled, and cannot be passed over:—

> If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
> When the broken arches are black in night,
> And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
> When the cold light's uncertain shower
> Streams on the ruined central tower;
> When buttress and buttress, alternately,
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
> When silver edges the imagery
> And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
> When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
> Then go—but go alone the while—

Then view St David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair![1]

Sorrowful indeed is the ruin now, where profane feet tread upon the tombs of kings, and the fair and loving handiwork of many a gentle artist soul is crumbling to decay. Well it is for king and sculptor that their immortality rests not with stone and lime and name. An English baron may fire the abbey of David and Bruce, the roof may fall and the walls moulder to dust; but the spirit of the dead kings lives for ever in the fresh-springing seed of generous thought sown by their deeds long ago in the hearts of men.[1]

[1] These remarks must in no way be taken as a reflection upon the existing condition of the ruined abbey, as a ruin. The lasting gratitude of the public, indeed, is due both to the present Duke of Buccleuch and his father for the great taste and care which they have exercised, and the large expense which they have been at, to secure the preservation of the remains.

[1] The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Cant. II.

DOWN WATLING STREET.

THROUGH the open casement, all night long, drifted the river's murmur, like a lullaby. No moon was there in the midnight sky wherewith to "view aright" the witchery of "fair Melrose;" but the gentle airs which came sighing, ever and again, across the abbey close, brought with them plaintive memories of the place. No bell, it is true, tinkled its summons there at vesper-time; no glory of altar lights within flamed through the mullioned oriels; and on the listening night arose no harmony of monkish voices chanting their evensong. Only the faint whispering of the abbey trees at times recalled the fact that, close by, abbot and priest lay asleep under the aisles which their sandalled feet once trod, filling the heart with a strange awe and pity at the nearness and the oblivion now of that once warm-breathing dust. Alas, the murmur of river and

sigh of night-wind tell us nothing of the dreams of those who sleep so soundly and so long.

But morning has come—morning, with the crowing cock and the waking town—a sunny morning, the inspiration of a pedestrian; with the promise of a glorious day, though the mist lies grey yet in the meadows.

Two miles and a half to the east, towards Dryburgh, on a little peninsula washed by the Tweed, lies the site of Old Melrose, with, on the way to it by the river, the quiet village of Newstead, famous for its sundials.

It was at Old Melrose that the original monastery stood, the home of St Cuthbert, and the contemporary of Iona and Lindisfarne. By Bede it is stated to have become an establishment of great celebrity so early as the year 664; and Nennius, who lived in 853 A.D., mentions its destruction by pagan Danes. To this spot, from its situation, as will be seen, more properly belongs the name, derived probably from the Celtic *mull ross*, or "bare promontory," transferred afterward to the later settlement. For the modern Melrose was anciently known as Little Fordel.[1]

[1] Popular tradition furnishes a more romantic derivation for the name. Malerose, or "sullied rose," according to the

But at Old Melrose little is left of the ancient hamlet or of its Culdee monastery, which was probably built only of wood; and the spot, with most of the countryside—river and tower and town—will be very well seen from the top of Eildon Hill. A last look, then, at the ruined pile in the quiet abbey close, a drink from the famous St Dunstan's Well, a glance at the quaint old market-cross of the town, with its slender shaft and curious crest, whose upkeep forms the quit-rent of a ridge of land close by; and then away for the top of the three-peaked hill.

The supernatural lore with which the whole countryside is invested has a legend to account for the strange shape of the mountain. It seems that Michael Scot at one time found himself compelled to provide occupation for a certain troublesome fiend. First he set the latter to build a dam across the Tweed. This behest, however, to the wizard's surprise and dismay, was accomplished by the fiend in a single night. The result is still

legend, took its name from the settlement on the spot of a princess who by the loss of her virtue had incurred the penalty of death in her own country, but who, escaping hither with her confessor, founded the original monastery.

to be seen near Kelso. A more formidable command seemed to be to "cleave Eildon Hill in three." But the too energetic familiar accomplished this second herculean feat likewise in a night; and he was only found in constant employment finally by being set the somewhat unsatisfactory task of manufacturing ropes out of sea-sand.

In the same way, popular legend assigns Eildon Tree on the hillside just above Newstead as the spot at which Thomas of Ercildoune first met the Queen of Faërie. Eildon Tree itself has now disappeared, but the spot is marked by a large stone, known as Eildon Tree Stone. Here True Thomas is popularly believed to have had that encounter with the elfin queen which resulted in his acquisition of prophetic power. The account of his adventure contains the boldest and most striking picture extant of the enchanted middle world.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie[1] he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

[1] marvel.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett[1] of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee."

"Harp and carp,[2] Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."[3]
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

[1] tuft. [2] speak, sing. [3] That fate shall never daunt me.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, True Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?[1]
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonnie road,
That winds about the ferny brae;
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak a word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers abune the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

[1] lawn.

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red bluid to the knee;
For a' the bluid that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gi'e to me!
I neither dought[1] to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady."
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

The hero of this ballad is remembered throughout the Border to the present day, both as a poet and as a prophet. Again and again during the middle centuries, down indeed to the reign of James VI., his supposed prophecies regarding public affairs were a force to be counted on in the politics of the hour. If anyone wishes to consult them at

[1] would be able.

the present day, a considerable number are to be found in a small volume published at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart in 1615. Prophecies of more local import are probably current yet on the Border side.

One of these local prophecies contains a somewhat pathetic reference to the fortunes of his own house—

> The hare sall kittle[1] on my hearth stane,
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

Regarding another, Scott, in his note to the ballad in his *Minstrelsy*, tells a curious story. The ownership of an estate in this neighbourhood was the subject of one of the Rhymer's prophecies:—

> Tide may tide whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

This couplet had always been considered oracular, but towards the end of last century the line of Haig seemed about to fail. The laird of Bemersyde had been wedded for some twelve years without the appearance of an heir, and the credit of prophet and prophecy seemed about to suffer. At last, however, past all expectation, the lady of Bemersyde presented her husband with a son, and

[1] litter.

the circumstance confirmed the popular confidence in the Rhymer's prophetic power tenfold.

The prophecies of Thomas are mentioned with all respect in Barbour's *Bruce*, in Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, and in the *Scala Chronicon;* and Thomas himself is mentioned by Henry the Minstrel as residing in a religious house, the Faile, near Ayr, when the hero Wallace was cast for dead over the wall of the prison in that town. He is pictured upon that occasion by the Minstrel, as refusing stoutly, out of his supernatural knowledge, to believe in the death of the future champion—a refusal which was presently justified by Wallace's nurse presenting the hero alive.

The reputation of Thomas as a prophet, however, is rivalled by his fame as a poet. Ercildoune stood upon the border of that ancient Cymric kingdom between the Roman walls—the country of Arthur and Gawain and Lancelot—to which reference has already more than once been made. The traditions of that kingdom were still, probably, in his day the common property of the country-side, as they already, in the mouths of minstrels, formed the subjects of a whole cycle of courtly romance. As a singer of these chivalric and romantic

traditions, as well as an interpreter of the spirit of the ancient race, Thomas must be regarded as the successor of the Cymric Merlin himself. Partly, it appears probable, from earlier compositions, and partly from local tradition, the Rhymer composed 'Sir Tristrem,' the finest of the extant mediæval romances regarding the Cymric heroes.[1] He is also believed to be the author of the first part of a romantic poem in three fytts or cantos, which contains a series of prophecies in chronological order regarding the events of Scottish history for several centuries.[2] It is of the first fytt of this poem that the ballad above printed is the popular traditional version.

Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads of Scotland*, suggested that in order to gain credence for his predictions, which seem all to have been calculated for the service of his country, Thomas pretended to an intercourse with the elfin queen, as Numa

[1] 'Sir Tristrem' is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. (*circa* 1350) in the Advocates' Library, and has been twice edited —by Scott in 1804, and by M'Neil in 1886. Other Arthurian romances of the district have been edited by Sir Fred. Madden in a volume for the Bannatyne Club, 1839.

[2] Five extant versions of this elfin and prophetic romance have recently been edited together by Dr J. A. H. Murray for the Early English Text Society.

Pompilius did with the nymph Egeria. There is reason, however, to suppose that the story of the Rhymer's meeting with the elfin queen may represent some strange legend of a still earlier time. For the hillside here, facing the mystic east, was probably the scene of pagan rites as early as the days when Saul had dealings with the Witch of Endor.

Upon many a strange historic scene has the silent mountain looked down, though the record has been all but lost. Northward, wave after wave across its foot, have come the tramplings of many nations. A great Caledonian tumulus and the remains of a Roman encampment rest on the mountain; in the Leader valley near, the British Arthur is said to have fought his eighth great battle;[1] and under the shadow of the hill, in Dryburgh, the Druids buried their dead. Like Ben Ledi, the "Hill of God," in the north, Eildon would seem to have been consecrated by the ashes of primeval altars.

In a grove on the north side of the middle hill the Druids, according to tradition, offered their sacrifices. Underground, too, in the hidden caverns of the mountain, according to the mythic legends which in course of time invested the fate of the

[1] Veitch's *Border History and Poetry*, Chap. II.

hero, King Arthur, and his knights, brought hither by magic means after the last great battle at Camelon, near Falkirk, in which they fell, lie in their armour, waiting for the bugle call that shall break their enchanted sleep and restore them to earthly life once more.

> Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight,
> A raven plume waves o'er each helmed crest,
> And black the mail which binds each manly breast.
> . . . . . .
> Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,
> That bids the charmed sleep of ages fly,
> Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
> While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,
> His horn, his falcion grasps with mighty hand,
> And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland?[1]

No better view of the Borderland is to be had than that from the top of the Eildons; and it was hither, as to the Delectable Mountains, that Scott brought Washington Irving and many another guest to look upon the scene of ancient fire and foray.

Does not the storied vale of Tweed stretch away to the eastward, by Kelso and Coldstream, to Berwick on its purple verge, and dusky Flodden, where so dark a harvest once was reaped? Southward roll the Cheviots, mindful of Otterbourne

[1] Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, Part II.

and Chevy Chase—those dire raids of the Black Douglas and the Red—away to the hills of Liddesdale and Eskdale in the direction of Merrie Carlisle. Due westward lies the pastoral vale of Yarrow, home of so much romance. And to the north, beyond the smoke of Galashiels, rise the Muirfoot Hills and the lonely Lammermuirs. Almost at the mountain foot, too, stand the abbey ruins of Melrose, and of Dryburgh among its woods? And, further off, Sir Walter could point out Smailholm Tower, and tell how, in his grandfather's farmhouse of Sandyknowe at its foot, he, when a lame child, had listened long nights by the ingleside to ballad and legend of his ancestors. He himself early invested that ancient tower with a weird interest, by making it the scene of his tragic 'Eve of St John.'

By Smailholm, too, at Earlston, stands the ruin of the tower of True Thomas, disposed of, with its lands, to the convent of Soltra by the Rhymer's son in 1299. And nearer lies the scene of a well-known ballad, as romantic as, it is to be feared, it has been mischievous — 'The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes.'

Quiet and beautiful at this time of year lies the road through the woods down to Dryburgh. Under

its swinging wire foot-bridge the river runs clear and swift and broad; and the red fallen beech-leaves make the path in front appear as if stained with blood—the blood, it might be, of monks slain long ago in defence of their abbey.

The priests of all ages have chosen the sites of their temples well. Here, in Dryburgh (perhaps Dryad, perhaps Druid burgh), on the rich alluvial level in the depths of the primeval forest, girdled by the swift and silvery Tweed, and on the ruined shrine, it may be, of some older worship, the Druids reared an altar. No rude barbarians were these, though they have left no books to tell us of their faith. Rather, indeed, may they have been missionaries who brought to these islands the lore of ancient Chaldea. The soul, we know from Cæsar, they deemed immortal, and Bel they worshipped in the image of the sun. Their cup-hollowed stones may have held water-mirrors for the reading of the heavens; and their circles of monoliths, ranged suggestively in the distance-order of the planets, formed dials of the time of year and day. Here, then, if the urn-shaped stones which have come again to light after buried centuries could speak, might be told many a tale of mystic rites performed to moon and sun two long millen-

niums ago, and commemorated now only by the place's name.[1] Here, later, came the iron Roman,

1 Due consideration has hardly yet been given to existing evidences of Druid lore. The late researches of Rawlinson and others in the east have brought to light the fact that the menhirs and cromlechs and circles of Scotland have an exact counterpart in the stone remains existing in what was once Chaldea. It would appear, therefore, that in order to discover something of the rites which took place in prehistoric times beside these Scottish monuments, Ezekiel and other Bible writers may be consulted, with their allusions to the rites around the "fire-stones of Tyre." The late Dr Wylie, in his "History of Scotland" (vol. I., chap. xi.), described a custom surviving, to his knowledge, among the boys of Aberdeenshire. On Beltane day they kindle a fire and bake a cake; then, breaking the cake into pieces, they blacken one piece in the fire. All the pieces are then placed in a bonnet, and the boy who draws the burnt piece from the bonnet is called "devoted," and must leap three times through the flames. Here would appear to exist a remnant of the custom alluded to in Scripture, of passing children through the fire to Moloch or Baal. We are also aware that in early Scotland, upon Beltane eve, the first of May, the flame of every hearth was extinguished, and the Druids, assembled on Ben Ledi (the Hill of God, as the name signifies), waited for the new fire to descend from heaven and rekindle their altar. A trench still exists across the top of the mountain, which may have borne some part in this ceremony. Again in the construction of the cairns at Clava, near Culloden, a peculiarity has been pointed out to the present writer by an enthusiastic antiquary, Mr George Bain, of the *Nairnshire Telegraph*, which is certainly suggestive. Each cairn consists of a chamber covered by a heap of stones and surrounded by several con-

and left his ashes in coffin of stone, far from his home by the yellow Tiber.[1] Presently, in their turn, the simple Culdees brought hither the elements of Christian faith. And, last of all, the lord of Lauderdale, Hugh De Moreville, in 1141 founded on the spot a house of the White Canons. This same Moreville or his son, it may be remembered, was one of those four avenging barons who

centric rings of monoliths. The peculiarity consists in the fact that the distance from the centre of the chamber to its walls, from the walls to the outer edge of the cairn, from there to the first ring of stones, and so on, corresponds to our modern knowledge of the distance-order of the various planets from the sun. Further, by a nautical observation taken on the spot, it was ascertained that two paved ways, observed within several of the circles, marked the shadow of the southernmost stone as cast by the sun at the spring and autumn equinox respectively, denoting, perhaps, the seasons of seedtime and harvest. Facts like these would seem to point to the existence among the prehistoric priesthood of Scotland of an astronomical knowledge of hitherto unsuspected extent, and they furnish striking corroboration of the statement of Cæsar (*De. Bell. Gall.*, vi. 14): "Multa praeterea de sideribus, atque eorum motu, de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine, de rerum natura, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant, et juventuti tradunt."

[1] Bower, in his 'Description of the Abbeys of Melrose and Old Melrose,' of 1827, states that, among many Roman coins found in this neighbourhood, he possessed one of gold, "with a perfect head on one side, and on the other an inscription—'Augustus Nero.'"

secretly left Henry II.'s court in Normandy, hurried over to England, and, on Dec. 29, 1170, transacted that dark scene in the cathedral at Canterbury, the assassination of Thomas à Becket.[1] The founder's grave is marked with a circle drawn on the earthen floor of the Chapter House.

And here, among the ashes of his ancestors, rest the remains of the author of 'Waverley.' For Dryburgh, now owned by the Earls of Buchan, had belonged to the family of Scott's grandmother, the Haliburtons of Newmains. The poet lies under the last fragment of the groined roof in St Mary's aisle, his wife and his soldier son by his side, and his son-in-law, Lockhart, at his feet—a tranquil and appropriate rest for one who loved so much to dwell amid the glories of bygone days.

Daws preen their wings in the ruins now, and wild wood-doves rustle at home in the trees close by; but the pilgrim comes hither still to worship at the shrine of the past, and, under the ancestral cedars and sycamores, feels something gather upon him of the awe of lost religions.

[1] See 'The Life and Times of Thomas Becket,' by Mr Froude in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1887, reprinted among that writer's 'Short Studies.'

Through a rich cultivated loneliness the road winds back across the Tweed and down the country southwards from St Boswells. Partly following the line of the ancient Roman road, or Watling Street, its character, on a still day of late autumn, suits well with the mood of the reminiscent pedestrian. From the quiet fields the harvest has been gathered in; only sometimes in the distance there is heard the creaking of a loaded cart bearing the last sheaves home. Among the woods, where the air is heavy with scents that recall old garden memories, the brown road rises between hedges of glowing russet red, deep yellow, and fading green; overhead in the avenues the branches of the stirless trees are stained, like cathedral clerestories at afternoon, with the rich splendours of their autumn colour; and from the woodland depths on either hand only sometimes is the stillness broken by the whistle of a bird.

Slowly the country ascends to Lilliard's Edge, the watershed between Tweed and Teviot. Here, just on the ridge, in the heart of the plantation to the left of the road, lies a lonely walled grave with a history. It is quaintly inscribed, "To a' true Scotsmen. I hae mendit it. To you

I commend it." In the hollow of Ancrum Moor just beyond, it was, that, three hundred years ago, was fought a great battle of the Borders. Following the devastating raid of Lord Hertford, already referred to in connection with the destruction of Melrose Abbey, Henry VIII. had assigned to Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laitoun possession of whatever lands they might capture in Scotland; and, in 1544, these filibustering barons had laid waste with dreadful havoc the valleys of Merse and Teviotdale. In 1545 they came north again with 5200 men, and, ravaging as they went, had reached Melrose, where, the abbey itself being already destroyed, they vented their spirit in mutilating the memorials of the dead — among others, the tombs of the Dark Knight of Liddesdale and of the Douglas who fell at Otterbourne. Presently, however, they heard that the Earl of Angus, breathing vengeance for the destruction of these tombs of his race, was, with Albany, the Regent of Scotland, gathering a force to oppose them. At these tidings they retired towards Jedburgh; and Angus, with but a fifth of their force, was not able to do more than hang upon their rear. On Ancrum Moor

close by here, however, the earl was reinforced by Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, with three hundred spearmen from Fife;[1] and Scott of Buccleugh came galloping up to say that his Borderers were rising. Angus then invented a strategy. Dismounting his men, he made the camp-boys ride back on the horses up the hillside here behind him. Evers perceiving this, and believing the Scots to be in retreat, made hasty pursuit, and his troops, coming precipitately over the brow of the next hill, with the afternoon sun blazing full in their faces, almost ran upon the spear-points of the compact little company of the north. A long account was due for the ravages Evers had been making in Scotland, and it was settled then. A thousand of his men, with Laitoun and himself, were slain, and almost as many were made prisoners; small mercy being granted to foes who, in their time of power, had shown none. Many gallant deeds were done on the field that day, and many hard blows given and taken. But

[1] It was this same Master of Rothes who, in the following year, after the cruel burning of George Wishart at St Andrews, stormed the Archbishop's castle there, put Cardinal Beaton to death, and held the fortress for nine months in the interest of the Reforming party.

the greatest credit of all in the fight was won by a Scottish maid. This young woman, tradition runs, had followed her lover from the village of Maxton, close by, and seeing him fall, she rushed with Amazonian courage to avenge him, dealing her blows right and left to such good purpose that she was largely the means of turning the fight, and her name was given to the battle-field. The ancient epitaph re-inscribed upon her tomb reads:—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;
Little was her stature, but muckle was her fame.
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cuttit off she fought upon her stumps.

The conditions under which she continued the struggle are somewhat similar, it will be noticed, to those recorded of Squire Withington at the battle of Chevy Chase. Poor lass! if the story be true, hers was a doughty way of expressing her grief. At the same time there must be taken into account the fact, pointed out by Skene, that the name Lilliard's Edge may be no more than a modification of Lilisyhater, the name of the spot in the 12th century.[1]

[1] *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, I., 306.

Downhill from Lilliard's Edge the road runs to Teviotside through forests lone and fair, with hamlet and cottage sometimes in leafy glade and on open hillside. Yellow canariensis and purple clematis flower late on the walls of these; but the crimson tropeolum has seeded by October, and the blue convolvulus is withered.

Historic associations are crusted thick upon the landscape here. A little way down the road which branches off to the right lies Ancrum village. An ancient appanage of the bishopric of Glasgow, it enjoyed the distinction of being burned by the Earl of Rutland, when pursuing D'Esse, the French ally of the Scots, in 1549.[1] The place has a cross of the date of Alexander III., and extensive remains of a hospital of the Knights of St John.[2] There are the ruins near it, too, of a Pictish fort, and of one of the monasteries of David I., besides fifteen caves of refuge in the rocky banks of the Ale Water, similar retreats to the caves at Rosslyn used by Ramsay of Dalhousie in the wars of David Bruce.

But Jedburgh is still two miles away, and

[1] Ridpath's *Border History*.
[2] Skene, *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, I., 306.

already it is growing dusk. There is time only for a glance at the deer in the forest-park about Ancrum House. The place was the favourite residence of William De Bondington, Bishop of Glasgow in the thirteenth century; and he died here, after resigning his bishopric, like Abbot Boniface, in 1258.[1] About the house, in the twilight, a mighty cawing of rooks fills the air, and the moss-grown gateway looks ancient enough to have seen the entry of the good prelate himself. On, however, across the stone bridge of the Teviot, with its quaint pointed pillars; and up the quiet little valley of the Jed. And as the gloaming at last deepens into mirk, it is pleasant to hear the bells of Jedburgh ringing the quarter-chimes.

[1] Cosmo Innes, *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 43.

"JETHART 'S HERE!"

ASLANT upon the side of its historic hill, the Dunion, clings the steep street of this gallant old Border town. Picturesque and irregular, with the castle at its head and the river crossing its foot, the place was a fit home for the sturdy burghers whose stout hearts made it famous. A dozen times, in days gone by, was the stronghold harried with fire and sword. But when the harrying was over, the inhabitants, undaunted, only gathered back again like wasps to their byke; and in Border battles to the last the shout of "Jethart 's here!" heralded dire havoc and slaughter. For the race who dwelt in Jedburgh knew well, father and son, how to swing their home-wrought battle-axes.

A rough-and-ready race these burghers were, as suited their day. Deeds, not words, made judgment here; while so prompt was its execution that "Jethart justice" rose to be proverbial, and the

popular epigram spoke of the burgh as the place—

> Where in the morn men hang and draw,
> And sit in judgment after.

Here, in feudal times, the Border Warden dealt March law. Close by the town, in August 1388, gathered the forces for that raid into Northumberland which culminated on the moonlit field of Otterbourne; and ten miles out to the south, over the Dunion, lies Carter Ridge, the scene of the conflict between the opposing wardens in 1575, known in history and celebrated in song as "The Raid of the Reidswire"—one of the many contests decided by the timely arrival of the burghers of the Jed.

Among old customs which give a glimpse of the temper of the townsfolk as reflected in the sports of their children, remains to the present day the somewhat rough pastime of "the callants'" or "Candlemas ba'," played once a year through the streets by the "doonies" and the "uppies" among the schoolboys. Formerly the privilege of throwing off the first ball was given to the boy who brought the largest offering to the rector of the grammar school; but some years ago the School

Board abolished the custom. The last "king" was Master Celledge Halliburton.

Allan Cunningham has a ballad on the fate of a wandering minstrel of earlier times, which affords a picture alike of the laughing merriment and the sharp justice which characterised the life of Jedburgh in days gone by.

RATTLING WILLIE.

Our Willie 's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day;
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer the way.
The joyous tharms o' his fiddle
Rob Rool had handled rude,
And Willie left New Mill banks
Red-wat wi' Robin's blude.

Our Willie 's away to Jeddart:
May ne'er the saints forbode
That ever sae merry a fellow
Should gang sae black a road!
For Stobs and young Falnash,
They followed him up and down—
In the links of Ousenam Water
They found him sleeping soun'.

Now may the name of Elliot
Be cursed frae firth to firth!
He has fettered the gude right hand
That keepit the land in mirth;

That keepit the land in mirth,
  And charmed maids' hearts frae dool;
And sair will they want him, Willie,
  When birks are bare at Yule.

The lasses of Ousenam Water
  Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake o' Willie—
  They 'll hear his sangs nae mair.
Nae mair to his merry fiddle
  Dance Teviot's maidens free:
My curses on their cunning
  Wha gar'd sweet Willie dee!

The hero of this ballad, whom Professor Veitch thinks the same personage as Burns's 'Rattlin' Roarin' Willie,' and the subject of a love song in Herd's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, was, according to Cunningham, "a noted ballad-maker and brawler," whose "sword-hand was dreaded as much as his bow-hand was admired."[1] His fate was the result of a quarrel with another minstrel, Robin of Rule Water, on the respective qualities of their playing, in which Robin was slain. Scott, in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' makes the old harper refer to Willie as his master.

"He knew each ordinance and clause
  Of Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
    In the old Douglas day.

[1] *Songs of Scotland*, II., 337.

He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue.
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

Why should I tell the rigid doom
That dragged my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him
Who died at Jedwood Air?"[1]

At no time has the town long been left without a glint of the light of history, from the day when the Scots King Donald defeated Osbert of Northumbria and the refugee Picts close by on the banks of the Jed. The castle was a favourite residence of the Scottish kings in the prosperous period before the Wars of Independence. Here Malcolm IV., "the Maiden," as he was called, grandson and successor of the wise David I., died in 1165. And here occurred the second marriage of Alexander III., the last of the Celtic royal line.[2]

[1] Canto IV., 34.

[2] *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, I., 377.

Regarding this marriage a strange legend has been handed down, which exhibits in tangible shape the national misgiving of that time, and which, as an omen of disaster, forms a curious parallel to the legend of the apparition which was seen, in St Michael's Kirk at Linlithgow, by James IV. and his court before the departure for Flodden.

Alexander III., the last of his house, was widowed and childless, and the succession to his throne depended upon the fragile life of his granddaughter, the infant Princess of Norway. The king, accordingly, was urged to marry again, and, yielding to the solicitations of his nobles, he at last espoused Joleta, daughter of the Count of Dreux. The nuptials, as has been said, were celebrated at Jedburgh, and on the evening of the marriage day the rejoicings culminated in a great masked ball in the Abbey. In honour of the occasion the nobles and prelates of Scotland put forth their best efforts. Celtic and Cymric, Saxon and Norman chivalry—all the different elements of the kingdom, as yet unfused into one nation by the Wars of Independence—contributed to make up the magnificent spectacle. And in the midst, with his bride,

appeared Alexander himself, the wise statesman and warlike king, who, twenty years earlier, at the great Battle of Largs, had freed Scotland for ever from the encroachment of her ancient foes, the Norse. Never had so magnificent an assembly been seen before in Scotland. The occasion was auspicious, and, perceiving in the event of the day fair promise that their fears for the consequences of a disputed succession would presently be set at rest, the Scottish lords, it may be imagined, unbent to the gaiety of the hour; and courtly smiles and gallant speeches surrounded the fair young queen from whom so much was expected. It was when the stately revels were at their height, and the pageant on the floor of the Abbey was at its gayest, that suddenly, to the awe of the onlookers, there became visible the apparition of a ghastly figure. It glided silently amid the throng, seemed to join for some moments in the dance, and then vanished as silently and swiftly as it had appeared. This omen, occurring when it did, was regarded as a dark presage of troubles which were presently to descend upon the kingdom — a foreboding which was all too certainly fulfilled. In the following year, by the fall of Alexander III. over the cliffs

at Kinghorn, Scotland was plunged into the longest and most devastating of all its wars.

High behind Jedburgh, over the Dunion, on the cliff above the river at the farm of Lintalee, lie the remains of the impregnable camp held in Bruce's time by "the good Lord James" of Douglas. Barbour describes it in his famous historic poem.

> Now spek we of the Lord of Douglas
> That left to kep the marchis was.
> He gert set wrychtis that war sleye[1]
> And in the halche[2] of Lyntailé
> He gert thaim mak a fayr maner:
> And quhen the howssis biggit wer[3]
> He gert purway him rycht weill thar;
> For he thowcht to mak ane infar[4]
> And to mak gud cher till his men.[5]

From this eyrie again and again Douglas sallied, at every sally dealing some deadly blow to the enemies of his country, till he had not only brought all the eastern Border to the king of Scotland's peace, but till the mere mention of his name had become a terror:

> The drede of the Lord of Dowglas,
> And his renoune, sa scalit[6] was
> Throw-out the marchis of Ingland,

[1] wrights that were skilful. [2] haugh, meadow. [3] were built. [4] house-warming. [5] *The Bruce*, xi. 333. [6] scattered, spread

That all that thar-in war wonnand[1]
Dred him as the fell dewill of hell;
And yeit haf Ik herd oft-syss[2] tell
That he sa gretly dred wes than
That quhen wiwys walde childre ban
Thai wald, rycht with an angry face,
Betech[3] thaim "to the Blak Douglas."

After an alien occupation, the burghers themselves, Spartan-like, destroyed Jedburgh Castle in 1409, swearing that their enemies, the English, should never keep a garrison again in their town. The six bastille houses built then in the castle's stead have also long ago disappeared, though in 1523 they, along with the Abbey, still held out when Norfolk and Dacre had stormed and burned the town. The site of the castle is now marked by the dark walls of the battlemented prison.

Like a gleam of sunshine through the driving storm of Jedburgh story is the episode of Queen Mary's visit here. Whether one read in it the unreflecting chivalry of the generous Stuart blood, or, as her detractors fain would do, the flame-gust of a guilty passion, there remains about it that charm of romance which ever followed the footsteps of the fair, unfortunate queen. Mary, the story

[1] dwelling. [2] ofttimes. [3] commit.

runs, was holding a court of justice in Jedburgh, when tidings arrived that her warden, Lord Bothwell, had, in the execution of Border duty, been wounded seriously in the hand. One can imagine a hundred thoughts as the Queen's at the news. The Royal authority itself had been insulted in the person of its warden—it was the Royal hand which should vindicate the outrage. Perhaps, alas! the more tender fear of a woman's heart was there. The Stuart race, however, were ever prompt in action, and, whatever may have been her thoughts, she did exactly what her father, the gallant Fifth James, would have done—closed Court, took horse, and rode to the scene of trouble. Hermitage, where Lord Bothwell lay, was twenty miles distant, and she rode there and back in the same afternoon. No wonder that her strength was exhausted. In a thatched and steep-roofed old house at the town foot, now being fitted up as a storehouse of Border relics, is still to be seen the room where she lay ill for some weeks afterwards. They keep yet, in an attic there, the tattered remains of her chamber arras.

It is a quaint old house, with low stone passages and small deep-set windows, an escutcheon being

still legible above the door; and it is not difficult to imagine the fair young queen — she was only twenty-four—in the early days of her convalescence, moving about that sunny riverside garden, with the solicitous chivalry of all her little court about her. Once, at least, amid her later troubles the memory of that time came back, and in bitterness of heart she is said to have exclaimed, "Would that I had died at Jedburgh!"

There is another garden somewhere about Jedburgh—the garden of that "Esther, a very remarkable woman," who could "recite Pope's 'Homer' from end to end," whom Burns, on his Border tour, was taken to see. There, as he relates in his diary, he walked apart with that "sweet Isabella Lindsay," in the pleasure of whose conversation—"chit-chat of the tender kind"—the poet discovered that he was "still nearly as much tinder as ever." There he gave her a proof print of his likeness, and records that he was thanked with "something more tender than gratitude." In fact, it was evidently the scene of a very pretty little love-affair.

In Jedburgh to the present day the Queen's judges hold assize; and it was here that the

young advocate Walter Scott made his first appearance as a pleader in a criminal court. It is recorded that he got off his man, a veteran poacher, and that when, on hearing the verdict, he whispered to the fellow, "You 're a lucky scoundrel!" he was naïvely answered, "I 'm just o' your mind, and I 'll send ye a maukin [hare] the morn, man."

Wordsworth once lodged in Jedburgh—the house is pointed out; and on the eve of his raid into England, in November, 1745, in the flush of his hopes and on the curling foam-crest of his fortunes, the last of the lineal Stuart race, Prince Charles Edward, stayed a night or two in the town. The place claims a line as well in the history of science, for it was the birthplace of Sir David Brewster.

Not the least touching, if perhaps the most recent literary interest of Jedburgh is its connection with Thomas Davidson, who now, through his 'Life' by Dr James Brown, occupies a place as the representative of a national type, the Scottish Probationer. Davidson was born at Oxnam, a few miles to the south of the town, and his family lived for a time also at Ancrum, close by; but

after his career of brilliant promise at college and as a probationer, or licentiate of the church, it was to his father's later cottage of Bankend, close to Jedburgh, that he came home to die. Most of his letters—the letters which lend such distinctive charm to his biography—were written from this cottage; and here at last occurred the final episode of his life. Davidson's connection with Alison Dunlop —the beautiful love-story which forms one of the most touching features in the Probationer's career —was altogether unknown to his nearest relatives till he was on his death-bed. At last, however, when it was too late, the secret was disclosed, and she was sent for. She arrived from Edinburgh on the day after his death, when the passionate up-breaking of her highly-wrought nature was a revelation even to the sorrowing parents. As the old father himself has since described it, "Sic grief was never seen."

Davidson, with true poetic feeling, had sung the charm, the spell of the Border hills, and in his lines, 'And there will I be buried,' he put into words the last instinct of the Borderer:—

> Tell me not the good and wise
> Care not where their dust reposes—

That to him in death who lies
  Rocky beds are even as roses.
I 've been happy above ground;
  I can never be happy under,
Out of gentle Teviot's sound;
  Part us not, then, far asunder.
Lay me here where I may see
  Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
  Winds and clouds for ever going.[1]

Even down to recent times, Jedburgh has ecclesiastical associations of no small importance. It was in the Grammar School here that the famous Samuel Rutherford learned his letters; and Jedburgh was the scene of the labours of the younger Boston, one of the founders of the Relief Kirk in 1757.

But towering grey and venerable above all the roofs of the town, halfway up the steep main street, rises the ruin of the ancient abbey. Surrounded by pleasant, old-fashioned houses, with quiet gardens, where yellow and pink roses are aflower upon the walls, that great carved cross, mute record of the aspirations of ages long forgotten, raises its sculptured sides in an inclosure of ancient graves. For three hundred and fifty

[1] *The Life of a Scottish Probationer*, by Dr James Brown, p. 264.


Jedburgh Abbey

years the rising sun has kissed these broken cornices, and the rain and dew have wept upon that desecrated altar, as if in pity for the glowing souls whose dreams of sculptured beauty are, with these crumbling walls, sinking to decay. The vandal has been here, as at Melrose, and has broken in pieces the beauty he was too rude to understand. But time, with healing touch, has wrought a fuller beauty and meaning than before into the place. Of yore, no doubt, a stillness strange and sweet must have fallen upon the spirit of the warlike burgher of the town as once in a while he knelt on the quiet pavement, while from afar within rose amid the shadows the chime of censers and the chant of priests. But no less to-day, with its added memories of blood and fire, and its silent lesson of the centuries, does the abbey remain a place for reverent thought. Overhead rises the blue span of heaven's own Norman arch, and for an altar-lamp in the midst swings the dazzling sun-orb itself, burning at the throne of God.

The white-stoled Premonstrentian monks of Jedburgh were men of war as well as of religion, and more than once the great square tower of their

abbey played the part of a fortress. It was, however, finally stormed by Evers in 1544, and the marks of its burning may yet be seen on the blackened walls.

Below, in the transept of the abbey, lies the sculptured tomb of the last Marquis of Lothian —a bearded Apollo carved in stone; and at its foot stands a Runic slab which may have lain upon the tomb of the Marquis's Druid forefathers. For there is reason to believe that the Cars, or Kers, though their name appears on the Norman Roll of Battle Abbey, may count back beyond Norman and Saxon invasions, to a Cymric ancestry.[1] From the tower top of the abbey can be seen, two miles away on the woody edge of the Jed valley, the castle of Fernihirst, feudal home of the family, who were staunch allies long ago of the burghers of the town. Many a signal passed in bygone days between the feudal castle and the abbey tower, when the significant gleam of helm and spear was seen in the glades of the forest around.

The high banks of the Jed on the way to Fernihirst look their richest when tapestried

[1] See *Border History and Poetry*, 1st Ed., p. 115.

with the reds and browns and dark greens of their autumn foliage. Doves, white and grey, wheel about them; and in the redstone cliffs which here and there show themselves are to be seen several caves which were used, like those at Ancrum and in Roslin glen, for refuge in Border warfare. Here in the narrow green meadow between road and river, its huge branches propped from the ground, stands the famous Capon oak, last remnant of the ancient Jed forest. The American visitor writes his name on its gnarled bark to-day; but Alexander III. may have winded his hunting-horn here before America was dreamed of, as the stag stood at bay below these branches; and it is just possible that its seedling stem shot up green leaves in the forest before Herod was Tetrarch of Galilee. Above, against the sky, on the cliff edge hangs Lintalee with its memories; and a second glance is not needed to show how well-chosen the spot was for the purpose of its occupant. Here, under the open sky, after burning his own castle about English ears, the Good Lord James certainly had his preference, rather "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak."

Scenes and associations like these seem to

ask for, if they be not enough to make, a poet; and it is no marvel to know that down the road here to school in Jedburgh from Southdean Manse, six miles away, used to trudge, nigh two hundred years ago, James Thomson, the boy who was afterwards to immortalise the beauties of the valley in his poem of 'Autumn.' The scenery of the district, indeed, is to be traced constantly in Thomson's poetry, and once at least he refers to it directly. Describing Scotland, he mentions—

> Her forests huge,
> Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
> Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
> Poured out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
> Full; winding deep and green, her fertile vales,
> With many a cool translucent, brimming flood
> Washed lovely, from the Tweed, pure parent stream,
> Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
> With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook,
> To where the north-inflated tempest foams.

Grey among the woods on the right bank towers the donjon of Fernihirst, and probably it would be impossible to find a more typical example of a Borderer's stronghold and its history. Above the iron-studded door in the deserted courtyard is still to be traced in worn stone the escutcheon of the place's masters. Often has that courtyard rung

with the hoofs of hostile steeds, and the stone door-lintels echoed to the swinging battle-axe. For they were a stormy race, these Kers, and the castle was constantly the scene of attack and reprisal. Hither came home the jolly baron, driving the beeves from Northumberland to be roasted whole in his huge fireplace, the width of the vaulted kitchen. And hither, when the captives were groaning in these grim dungeons, and while in the "halls of grey renown" the revel and rude cheer were at their height, came thundering at the gate the furious owners of the beeves. Cracked crowns unnumbered were got here, and the red blood spirted joyously over many a shirt of mail. High overhead, where the sun strikes the tower, the blood-red spray of Virginia creeper clinging to the parapet might well be the stain of the costly torrent which more than once poured down these walls. Many a life it cost Lord Dacre, when, from the burning of Jedburgh, he rode out to take the place in September, 1523. On that occasion, even after the castle was taken, the Borderers managed to cut loose every horse the victors had, to the number of fifteen hundred—women and men alike seizing them and

galloping off to the north. Six years later, the Lord of Fernihirst was one of those imprisoned by way of precaution when James V. rode out to "lay" the Border. Here, in 1549, D'Essé, the French general, took dire vengeance on an alien garrison for their dark deeds among the defenceless women of the countryside.[1] And Ker of Fernihirst appears a few years afterwards as one of the most gallant defenders of Queen Mary. Doubtless more than once was Mary herself entertained within these walls.

Not only in feudal times, however, but in all ages has this Borderland been deluged with blood. Only a mile and a half to the east of Fernihirst, at Scraesburgh, lie the traces of a Saxon camp, made probably when that nation came to fight the British Arthur; while the remains of a Roman encampment — another northward-looking eyrie of these old-time eagles of the south—are to be seen at Monklaw, the end of the hill-crest between Teviot and Jed. Every foot of the ground, indeed, recalls some memory of its own. Here the chant of the Runic priests has been silenced by the trampling of the Roman legions. Here, half-

[1] Ridpath's *Border History*.

mystical amid the dimness of the early centuries, has ridden the glittering Arthurian chivalry, retreating by degrees before the north-rolling waves of Saxon and Viking arms. Here, far-seen by night across the Border, have blazed the lurid watch-fires of the Douglas — warding for his master the gate of the Scottish kingdom. And here, spurred southward on romantic quest, has sped the fleet white palfrey of a fair, fate-followed Queen. The wanderer to-day in the little valley of the Jed may find, at any rate, suggestions enough of the storied past to occupy his thoughts during the quiet hours of a summer afternoon.

THE GYPSY CAPITAL.

A QUAINT interest peculiar to itself hangs about this old-world village on the northern slope of the Cheviot Hills. The home of that mysterious nomad race who came in the Middle Ages no man knows whence, Yetholm possesses an attraction of its own for the Bohemian instincts of the wanderer. The road to it out of the west, too, lies through a lovely country, whose every nook and spot has some historic memory. From the valley of the Jed, south-eastwards among quiet pastoral hills, the wanderer may linger upon the ancient Roman road, forsaken by its builders fifteen centuries ago; and, if his senses be keen enough, he may hear there still, far off as an echo through the ages, the tramp of the departing legions. Weed and brier have made the "Watling Street" a wilderness, and for miles at places it is trodden now only by the straying feet of rustic lovers. Then there are paths to be followed down secluded

lanes, where yellow straw from passing harvest carts has caught in the high hedges among the crimson haws; and where wild raspberries grow thickly under the woods amid dark-green broom and tangles of the scarlet-hipped dog-rose.

In the little village of Crailing the pedestrian, meeting cherry-cheeked children in pinafores and satchels coming in twos and threes from school, may recall, as a contrast to the place's present state of peace, a dark day's work that happened there in 1570. On the night of Regent Murray's assassination, Ker of Fernihirst and Scott of Buccleugh had made a raid into the Border counties of England; whereupon Lord Sussex, with the troops of Elizabeth, marched, burning and slaying, into the lands of these barons; and, coming upon the tower of Lord Ker's mother, in the village there, committed it to the flames, and its inhabitants to the last indignities at the hands of the rude soldiery. The place was the chief seat of the ancient Border family of Cranstoun.

Close by Crailing lies the little hamlet of Eckford. It is musical now with village sounds—the tinkle of the smithy, the hammering of the cartwright,

and the low of kine; but there, too, nevertheless, in bygone days, has passed the trail of fire and blood. It was one of the places burnt by Ralph Evers under the filibustering commission of Henry VIII. in 1544, when the English king was seeking by such gentle means to induce the Scots lords to wed their infant Queen Mary to his son.

Several legends of the village, of another but not less typical character, are recounted by Sir George Douglas in his *New Border Tales*. One of these, like so many village traditions in Scotland, refers to Sabbath-breaking and the fate of the Sabbath-breakers. Many years ago, it appears, there dwelt at Eckford a certain sceptical and independent blacksmith. In every way but one he is said to have been an exemplary workman. The single exception arose from his conduct on the Sabbath. Sunday after Sunday, as the country folk passed to church, they saw the smith at work, his bellows blowing and his hammer ringing on the anvil as on any other day of the week. These proceedings were not only shocking to his church-going neighbours, and felt by his competitors in the countryside as the taking of a mean advantage over them, but

were looked upon as likely to draw upon the perpetrator the actual wrath of Heaven. The smith meanwhile paid as little attention to the indignation of the passers-by as to the possibility of supernatural interference. A day of reckoning, however, came at last. One Sunday morning, as the country-folk passed to church, they saw the smith in his leathern apron, busy as usual over the glowing metal; the sparks, if anything, flying faster from his stroke, and the anvil ringing more defiantly than ever. But a few hours later, when the sermon was over and the villagers came out of kirk, neither smith nor smithy, nor a vestige of their belongings, was anywhere to be seen. The spot where the smithy had stood —near the south-west corner of the field to the west of the manse—had become a bog. Nothing was ever again seen of the smith, his wife, and family, who had all disappeared; but many years afterwards, when the bog was at last drained, the fate of the sceptical and self-sufficient workman was put beyond all doubt by the discovery of a smith's anvil.[1]

[1] A version of this legend, Sir George Douglas informs the present writer, was printed in one of the numbers of a short-lived periodical called *The Border Counties Magazine.*

Another incident, somewhat less mysterious, of the punishment of sacrilegious transgression, is chronicled of the same neighbourhood. It was in the year 1829, when, after the revelation of the Burke and Hare murders, whispers of the doings of the "resurrectionists," or stealers of the dead, were exciting horror and fear in the country. On a night of late autumn a young packman, known, on account of his smart and well-to-do personal appearance, by the soubriquet of Dandy Jim, was passing Eckford churchyard. He had been visiting a sweetheart in the neighbourhood, and, as frequently happens upon such tender occasions, had been detained somewhat late. The moon, however, had not yet risen, and the night was dark. The packman was not much given to superstitious fears, but as he passed the churchyard his attention was arrested by a mysterious light which appeared and disappeared among the graves. He stood still to make out what the appearance might mean; and presently he saw the light again, and heard a curse and certain other sounds, which led him to believe that a body which had been buried there on the day before was in process of being exhumed. Stealing

along the churchyard wall, in order to arrive nearer the scene of operations, he suddenly came in contact with a horse and gig. Upon this discovery a happy idea occurred to him. He untied the horse from the fence, and with a kick in the ribs sent it galloping off across country; then, while the terrified "resurrectionists" were hastening to secure their steed again, he leapt the wall, removed the corpse from the black wrapping in which it had been rolled for removal, and substituted himself in its place. His subsequent adventure in the hands of the body-stealers culminated at a lonely part of the road near the village of Maxwellheugh. By the time they had proceeded so far, the packman had discovered his carriers to be a couple of dissolute tailors from Greenlaw, nicknamed respectively "the Rabbit" and the "Hare." Moreover, as they proceeded with their burden between them in the gig, he had become aware, from various symptoms, that the courage of the two thieves was ebbing rapidly.

"At last," says the recorder of the incident, "the Rabbit, whose condition for some reason or other, had for some time past been growing more and

more acutely distressing, could bear it in silence no longer, but broke out wildly—

"'Hare! I'll take an oath before a Justice of the Peace I felt the body stir!'

"But the Hare's distress was even more extreme than that of his associate.

"'Rabbit, man! Rabbit, man!' murmured he, in the hushed and solemn tones of dire mental tribulation, 'my mind misgives me, my mind misgives me, but we ha'e mista'en our man. They must ha buried this one alive, I'm thinking; for, as I'm a living sinner, *the corp is warm!*'

"This was the moment for which Jim had patiently waited. He now slowly lifted the cloth which was about his face, and spoke in such sepulchral tones as he was able to command—

"'*Warm*, do you say? And pray, what would you be if ye came frae where I ha'e been?'"

"The Hare saw the supposed dead body move. To his heated imagination its action, as it uncovered its face, bore a hideous resemblance to that of a dead man rising from the grave at the last day. He heard the sepulchral tones which addressed to him by name a pertinent and suggestive query; and he waited for no more. With a bound, like

jack-in-the-box, he leapt from the gig, cleared the fence which bounded the road upon his side, and in a moment afterwards was racing for his life across the open ground of Spylaw. At the same instant 'the Rabbit' on his side slid to the ground, scrambled through the hedge, and made for the covert of the High Wood of Springwood Park as fast as his short legs would carry him."

Meanwhile the packman, after a hearty laugh, put the horse's head about and drove merrily home, having by his strategy at once become possessor of the unclaimed horse and gig, and discovered enough to frustrate a widely organised conspiracy of body-snatching.[1]

Such is the story of the "resurrectionists" connected with Eckford churchyard, and it is here given at some length, as affording a typical example of the kind of local tradition of more modern times current in village and hamlet everywhere throughout the country.

Hanging by the kirk door at Eckford, as by the gate at Abbotsford, may still be seen the "jougs," or iron collar, used here in former days,

[1] See *The New Border Tales* by Sir George Douglas, Bart., 1892.

chiefly as a punishment for those who came under church discipline. The last person upon whom they were used, being short of stature, it appears, slipped from the stone upon which he was mounted; and when, at the usual point of the service, the beadle came to conduct him before the congregation for ministerial admonition, was found hanged. After that tragic occurrence the punishment of the "jougs" was given up.

Beyond Eckford the road winds up by the Kale Water, one of the districts laid waste by Sussex in 1570, and by Ralph Evers in 1544, upon which latter occasion it is recorded that thirty Scots were slain, and the Moss Tower *smoked very sore*.[1] The water is famous at the present day among anglers.

The valley of the stream further on, the Bowmont Water, which comes down among the hills to the right of the road, is the scene of another characteristic tradition — one of those strange Border legends which in other days would have been woven by some wandering minstrel into a ballad. It is the story of a shepherd's daughter, the beauty of the district,

[1] Murdin's *State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.

who, after slighting the love of all the lads of the neighbourhood, gave her heart to a somewhat forbidding and mysterious stranger. The tradition runs that on keeping tryst with this lover one night in a lonely glen, she arrived before the appointed hour; and, having climbed for caprice into a tree to see how he would bear her delay, she beheld him deliberately dig her grave. The wood—some say the actual tree—at which the incident occurred is still pointed out; and the truth of the story is vouched for by the fact that a lady, a member of one of the noble families of the district, personally knew a daughter or grand-daughter of the girl.[1]

At this point last night, as the Cheviots rose in front—grey, rounded hills and far-lying valleys—the sun went down in the yellow autumn sky behind; and presently could be felt the cool air of night, champagny and full of strong life, blowing bold and free out of the mountains. The keeps of old Border barons were to be seen from the road—Corbet Tower and the fortalice of the Kers of Cessford—grim memorials of the feudal past, and of the strong hands that were needed once to hold

[1] See 'The Broken Tryst' in *The New Border Tales.*

their own among these hills. After passing the village of Morebattle—itself mentioned more than once in the records of Border warfare—the way ran under trees, and the road became higher and more lonely in the darkness, under the dim and distant sparkle of the stars. At last a light here and there began to gleam in the valley to the right, and presently, far in front, appeared the shining inn lantern of the Gypsy village.

It was too dark and late then for seeing anything of Yetholm, and under the shadows of night there was room for all sorts of imaginings as to the life that might be found in so romantic a spot. Here, if anywhere on the Borders, something ought to remain of the free, rough existence of long ago, with perhaps a touch added of Eastern picturesqueness. Might there not be the ruddy gleam of camp fires at the doors of turfy huts, the savoury smell of unpaid-for supper in the air, and dusky-featured men and women moving among the lights and shadows? Might there not be laughter and merriment, the accents of a strange tongue, the glimpse of some Gypsy beauty? All these possibilities were dispelled, however, when mine host of the Swan explained that, owing to the recent

laws against vagrancy, the Gypsies have all but disappeared even from their own village of Kirk-Yetholm; while as for Town-Yetholm here, divided from the other by the Bowmont Water, it never was a Gypsy village at all.

And as the mountain mists begin to rise, and the sun every moment shines more brightly in a sky of deepening blue, the details of the spot can be made out. A gunshot up the mountain side opposite clusters the Gypsy "town," the more ancient and interesting of the two villages. Its low mossy-roofed "biggins" are scattered picturesquely about the irregular village green—the thatched inn, with swinging sign, standing a little out from the rest; and altogether, with the mountain ascending still dark and dewy above, it is probably, as it stands at the present day, a fair example of the ancient Border hamlet.

The nearness of the dividing line between England and Scotland was doubtless in bygone days deemed a great advantage by the dwellers here. By the road up the hillside at hand, any one who might be "wanted" could escape the arm of Scots justice in less than half an hour; and the spot would form a convenient retreat for

refugees from the English side. For here dwelt Ishmael.

A nomad race like the Arabs, these wanderers journeyed hither as to a Mecca. For at Yetholm they had a sovereign—a potentate who ruled by the divine right of the quick brain and the strong arm.

A race without a literature and almost without a history, the Gypsies, notwithstanding the researches of science, and the sympathetic study of men like George Borrow, remain to the present hour something of a mystery in Europe. One thing ascertained about them is, that throughout the countries of western civilization their language, though divided into various dialects, is substantially one tongue, and has been proved to be a Hindoo dialect.[1] When or from what part of India they came, however, remains unknown. One thing certain about them is, that they were not Egyptians, as they once professed, and were wont to be believed. From the words embodied in their speech it is gathered that they made their way into Europe through Persia, Armenia, and Greece. Probably it was they who were known in Greece in the times of Homer and Strabo as Σίντιες or Σίντιοι ἄνδρες, and it

[1] See Article "Gipsies," in *Encyclopædia Britannica.*


Yetholm.
T. S.

was probably they, descendants of the race of Simon Magus, who at Constantinople in the 11th century are reported to have slain wild beasts by their magic arts in the presence of Bagrat IV. In Austria in the 12th century they were recognised as the actual descendants of Hagar and Abraham. Professing to be pilgrims of the Christian faith thrust out of Egypt by the Saracens, they appeared during the 15th century in bands before the walls of one capital of Europe after another, generally headed by a chief, mounted and gorgeously dressed, who gave himself out to be Count, Earl, or Duke of Little Egypt. So high, indeed, was the estimation in which they were sometimes held, that one of their "kings" was interred with regal honour by the side of Athelstane, at Malmesbury Abbey, in 1657. In no country, however, were they better received than in Scotland. As early as the time of William the Lion (1165-1214) a Scottish charter has been found containing mention of Tinklers. In 1505 James IV. gave Antonius Gagino, Count of Little Egypt, a letter of commendation to the King of Denmark; and in 1540 James V. subscribed a writ in favour of "oure louit Johnne Faa, Lord and Earle of Littill Egipt," giving him jurisdiction of life and

death over his own people. In the following year, however, their pilfering and turbulent disposition having become a trouble to the country, they were banished from the realm on pain of death; and several cases are on record in which, for contravening this law, members of the clan were sentenced, the men to be hanged, the women drowned, and such of the latter as had children to be scourged through the streets and burned in the cheek. Readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember the similar summary treatment of Gypsies in France in the time of Louis XI. Notwithstanding such fearful punishments, however, they appear to have remained in the country—a merry, careless, good-humoured, but passionate people—practising their arts of working in metal and horn, busying themselves with horse-dealing and horse-stealing, and equally famous for their proficiency in music and their profession of ability to read the past and future of men's lives. In 1530 it is on record, among the court festivities of James V., that certain Gypsies "dansit before the King in Halyrudhous." The latter pursuits in particular were everywhere the profession of the women.

Here in Kirk-Yetholm, sometime towards the

end of the 17th century, was born Jean Gordon, wife of the Gypsy chief Patrick Faa, who survives for the reading world in the person of Meg Merrilees in *Guy Mannering*. Her fate and the fate of her family afford an example of the treatment too often suffered as well as deserved. For burning the house of Greenhead, her husband, Patrick Faa, was whipped through Jedburgh, stood for half-an-hour at the cross with his ear nailed to a post, had both ears cut off, and was finally transported to the American plantations. In 1714 her son, Alexander Faa, was murdered by another Gypsy. The murderer escaped from prison, but was dogged from Scotland to Holland, and from Holland to Ireland, by the murdered man's mother; and finally, at her instance, was brought to justice on Jedburgh Gallowhill. Jean's other sons, after many depredations, were hanged at Jedburgh all on one day—their fate, it is said, being decided by the casting vote of a juryman who had slept throughout the discussion of the case, but who suddenly waked up with the words, "Hang them a'!" Jean was present at the trial, and upon hearing the verdict is said to have exclaimed "The Lord help the innocent on a day like this!" She herself

was finally ducked to death for her Jacobite leanings by the cowardly rabble of Carlisle, continuing so long as she could get her head above water to cry out "Charlie yet! Charlie yet."

Jean and her granddaughter, Madge Gordon, were alike of imposing appearance, over six feet tall, with bushy eyebrows, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes, corresponding in all respects to what popular imagination pictures as the proper bearing of a Gypsy Queen.

In the end of last century the chief of the Kirk-Yetholm gypsies was a later descendant of Jean Gordon, who rejoiced in the somewhat picturesque title of Earl of Hell. It was he who once very narrowly, by a mere lucky leniency of the jury, was acquitted in the High Court of Justiciary, and whom the judge in consequence informed significantly that he had that day "rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows," and warned not to venture the experiment again.

The different tribes of gypsies, no less than the different clans among whom they dwelt, had feudal combats among themselves. One of these battles occurred on 1st October, 1677, near the house of Romanno in Tweeddale. There the

Shaws and the Faas, on their way to fight the rival Baillies and Browns, themselves fell out, and fought to the death. Old Sandy Faa and his wife, then about to give birth to a child, were killed; and another brother, George Faa, desperately wounded; for which transaction old Robin Shaw and his three sons were hanged in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh in the February following.

Of Billy Marshall, afterwards the Gypsy king of Galloway, a well-known story is told. He was serving in the ranks under Marlborough in Germany in 1705, when one day he went to his commanding officer, one of the M'Guffogs of Roscoe, an ancient Galloway family, and asked if he had any message for home. The officer inquired whether there was any messenger going, whereupon Marshall answered—Yes, he intended himself to be at Keltonhill Fair, at which it had always been his rule to be present. The officer, says Dr Chambers, who recounts the story, knew his man, and Billy appeared at Keltonhill Fair as usual.[1]

[1] Dr William Chambers' 'Exploits and Anecdotes of the Scottish Gypsies,' Edinburgh, 1821.

A Gypsy enterprise of the romantic sort which the popular mind attributes to that mysterious people, furnishes the subject of one of the best known ballads of Ayrshire. The scene of the ballad was Cassillis House, on the banks of the Doon, before whose door still stands the ancient Dule-Tree or Tree of Sorrow. The heroine was some fair and frail Countess of Cassillis, wife of a chief of the Kennedys, and tradition avers that Johnnie Faa, otherwise Sir John Fall, had been her lover before her marriage.

JOHNNIE FAA.

The gypsies cam' to our good lord's yett,
And O but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete
That doun cam' our fair lady.

And she cam' tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-faured face
They cuist the glamourye[1] o'er her.

"O come with me," says Johnnie Faa,
"O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

[1] The gypsies have always been credited with the powers of magical illusion, or hypnotism.

Then she gi'ed them the red red wine,
And they gi'ed her the ginger;
But she gi'ed them a far better thing,
The gowd ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak' frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me!"

"O haud your tongue, my hinny and my heart!
O haud your tongue, my dearie!
For I vow and I swear, by the moon and the stars,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

But when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The ane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's awa' wi' the gypsy laddie!"

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

"O we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we werena bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady."

According to tradition the lady when brought back was first, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to witness from a window the dying agonies of the gypsy party, including her disguised lover, on the Dule-Tree; she was then divorced by her lord *a mensa et thoro*, and was finally imprisoned for life in the castle of Maybole. There to this day, far overhead above the street, is pointed out the window of the room in which she was confined, and in which she occupied her leisure in working the story of her flight in tapestry. The Earl in the meanwhile, it is said, married another wife.

So late as the year 1878 Queen Victoria was welcomed at Dunbar by a gypsy queen. The latter is recorded to have been "dressed in a black robe with white silk trimmings, and over her shoulders a yellow handkerchief. Behind her stood two other women, one of them noticeable from her rich gown of purple velvet; and two stalwart men conspicuous by their scarlet coats."

But now the last of the Romany Queens is dead—a woman who, says the swarthy innkeeper of Kirk-Yetholm, could read a man's

soul at a glance; and there will probably never be another.[1] The "deep" Romany blood is being dulled by mixture with the Saxon strain, and the old instincts are dying out. The little slated cot of the queen, with its single window and door, stands empty now and forsaken in its own plot of ground at the head of the village—a humble home, surely, for royalty. From its door, nevertheless, as the morning mists slowly melt and disappear under the spell of the sun, there is a view discovered of rolling hill and valley, of stream and farm, that fills the eye with beauty and the heart with strong content. With this before her, and, closer by, the dew of the mountain glittering jewel-like on every grass blade—amid the solemn stillness, the large hill air, and the glad sunshine, it may be surmised that, perhaps, after all, the gypsy chose aright in loving and preferring for her palace roof the arch that had covered her race in all their wanderings—the blue dome of everlasting heaven.

[1] For an account of Queen Esther Faa-Blythe, her assumption of the regal state, &c., as well as much else that is interesting on the subject of the Gypsy race, see *The Yetholm History of the Gypsies*, by Joseph Lucas, Kelso, 1882.

FLODDEN'S FATAL FIELD.

FEW even in summer-time are the pilgrims who make their way to the scene of the overthrow of James IV.; and as the days shorten towards the end of autumn the paths to the spot are trodden by fewer still. Yet here, next only to Melrose itself, culminates the interest of the storied and lonely Borderland, thick-strewn as the region is with old-world memories. The disaster of no other spot has made so deep a dint in the shield of Scottish history; and the name of no other field in Scotland, perhaps, has been so often enshrined in sad and heroic song. Who is there that has not been thrilled by the stirring tale of Marmion, and who has not been touched to something of the tenderness of long-past sorrow by the lament for the Flowers of the Forest? In late autumn the foliage which clothes the fateful hill assumes its richest glory of russet and red, and the air has an ambient clearness and pensive

softness unknown at other seasons of the year. Nevertheless, the pedestrian travelling eastwards towards Flodden in the latter end of October will probably pass no other pilgrim on the road.

Fire and foray in ancient times have more than once scorched most of the Borderside, and the road descending from among the Cheviots along the left bank of the Bowmont Water passes through one of the districts laid waste in 1570 by Queen Elizabeth's general, the Earl of Sussex, in the campaign of retaliation already referred to. The more peaceful it seems now by contrast—a finely pastoral country, resonant only with the plaintive bleating of sheep. Excepting this sound, indeed, the region is strangely silent, impressing one with its loneliness. Only at long intervals do farms appear, nestling in the hollows, and hardly even a solitary stone-breaker can be found by the way to point out the spot where the road crosses the Border into Northumberland. Far in front, untrodden by any wayfarer, the highway is to be seen rising and falling between crimson-hawed hedges, over hill and dale. Even the ubiquitous tramp is to be met with here but seldom.

It is shortly after passing a graveyard, tangle-

grown and man-forsaken, forgotten like the dead who lie in it, that the road for Flodden turns off up the sloping country to the right. Brankston is the hamlet nearest to the battle-field, and the road thither ascends for two miles through pleasant high-hedged parish lanes. Here the English accent can be distinctly recognised, and the place wears quite an English aspect, though it is little more than within the border of Northumberland.

The little English hamlet seems asleep to-day among its autumn flowers — yellow roses and yellower marigolds; but rough and sudden was the fray the spot once saw. For here, during the boyhood of James V., in 1524, a body of five hundred Scots, setting out on a private filibustering raid across the Border, were met and driven back by the English warden.[1]

At last, from a little cluster of labourers' cottages, a path strikes to the right across a rushy meadow, and beyond, above the scar of a red-stone quarry, hang silent and motionless the woods of Flodden hill. Somewhere to the right of the rushy meadow, at the foot of the hill

[1] See Ridpath's 'Border History.'

slope, raged the fiercest of the battle on the dire and eventful day, and the tiny streamlet meandering through the hollow ran purple then with the blood of fallen men. From this streamlet it was that Lady Clare, in 'Marmion,' shrank when she came to dip the helmet of the dying lord. And just within the shady edge of the wood above, dark and cool under the drooping creepers of the overhanging bank, flows the limpid well at which she is pictured as fulfilling her task. The clear water drops musical there over the mossy edge of its stone basin, into the pool below; and behind, carved in the wall of the well's recess, may be read a garbled version of the lines quoted by Scott:

> Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
> Who built this cross and well!

The cross has disappeared, and the present inscription has been traced by the chisel of one who did not believe in praying for souls. An ancient stone bench remains there, however, and the pilgrim could hardly find a more suggestive resting-place.

An isolated headland pointing south, Flodden

projects up the valley of the Till. Northern fir and yew, mingled with the English oak, now cover the hill; but these are probably of modern growth, and at the time of the battle it is most likely that the summit of the spur was covered only with native heath and fern. A matchless site the spot was for a camp, and, commanding the valley as it did for miles on every side, its choice bespoke the instinct of military genius. Yet here, strange contradiction, during the three fateful days before the conflict in 1513, the Scottish host was left to melt and dwindle, while the King, like Israel's love-sick Samson of old, remained dallying with the fair but artful lady of Ford close by.

No suspicion of ulterior purpose on this lady's part seems to have dawned upon the mind of James, though he must have remembered that William Heron, her husband, lay his prisoner at Fast. There apparently happened at Flodden, indeed, exactly that series of events which had been foreseen by some sagacious mind in Scotland before James set forth on his ill-advised expedition. Whoever was its author — Queen Margaret, Sir David Lyndsay, or some unknown person — the mysterious attempt which had been made to dis-

suade the king from his enterprise was entirely justified by the sequel of events. Readers of Scott are familiar with the episode as "Sir David Lyndsay's Tale," in 'Marmion' (Canto IV.), but it appears in even more picturesque fashion in the narratives of Pitscottie and Buchanan. According to the contemporary Pitscottie, James, on the eve of setting out for England, was attending prayers in St Michael's Kirk at Linlithgow, when there came in at the kirk door a tall man, bareheaded, roughly clad in a blue gown, and belted about the middle with a roll of linen cloth, with brotikins (half-boots) on his feet, and a pike-staff in his hand, "cryand and spearand for the king." Approaching James, he with little reverence laid his arm on the royal praying-desk. "Sir King," he said, "my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade ye melle with no woman, nor use their counsell, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, and thou do it, thou will be confounded and brought to shame." "Be this man," the historian goes on, "had spoken thir

words unto the King's Grace, the Even-song was neere doone, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no wayes be seene nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had been ane blink of the sunne, or ane whiss of the whirlwind, and could no more be seene."

So James had been warned, but with the fate of all who are "fey," the warning was useless to him. And during those three days of strange inaction the ominous thunder-cloud of disaster was gathering and darkening round Flodden.

Centuries before, the blood of more than one great battle had been received by that "deep and dark and sullen" river below. Ten miles away to the south, where the stream first takes the name of Till, lies the spot thought to have been that Brunanburgh where in 925 the Saxon Athelstane defeated the Danish king of Northumberland and his Cymric allies—a pregnant fight, for it entailed the final overthrow of the ancient Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, the last remnant of the great upbuild-

ing of King Arthur.[1] And a little nearer, to the north of Wooler, where the Till receives the waters of the Glen, rises Homildon, now Humbleheugh, the scene, according to tradition, of King Arthur's first great battle,[2] and the spot where one of the Douglases was defeated by the archers of Hotspur, in Parthian fashion, never getting near enough to strike a blow.

And on the hill's brow here, where the russet bracken grows breast high now, and an absolute silence reigns in the sunshine save when a grey dove hurtles off among the trees, one can imagine James IV. standing among his nobles on that far-off September morning, watching Surrey's army on the other side of the Till come glancing down the valley from Barmore Wood. The King's position was impregnable, with Scotland behind, and the deep river on his left below; but—whether owing to recklessness, or Quixotic chivalry, or some knightly vaunt to the witching lady of Ford, no one now can

[1] See Skene's *Celtic Scotland* and *Four Ancient Books of Wales.*

[2] The battle, which Nennius (*Historia Britonum*) simply says was fought "in ostium fluminis quod dicitur Glein," may have taken place at the mouth of the Glen which flows into the Irvine in Loudon parish in Ayrshire. This was the view of Skene, the greatest authority on the subject.

tell—he, as every reader of history knows, allowed Surrey to outflank him.

While executing this manœuvre the English general was fully exposed to the fire of the Scottish artillery, had the King chosen to give the word; for the river runs close beneath Flodden side, and the valley grows narrower at the spot. But the word was not given, and the southern host marched past, a gallant sight, with flashing mail and glittering lines of spears, squadron by squadron and brigade after brigade, down the river bank. The Till was too deep to ford, and the only passage over it was by a narrow bridge at Twizel Castle, near the Tweed, six miles to the Scottish rear. This bridge could have been destroyed in ten minutes by the cannon of the King, but the order to do so was not sent. Slowly the English host defiled across, company by company; and the bridge is standing yet. Well might Marmion's squire Fitz-Eustace, coming presently, as Scott pictures him, upon the scene, exclaim in amazement:

> "My basnet to a prentice cap,
> Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!"

Then at last, when all too late, James awoke, and

the Scottish host, setting fire to its tents, marched back down the hill-slope northwards amid the rolling smoke.

Surrey now, in battle array, was descending into the same hollow from the opposite hillside; and the two armies rapidly drew near each other.

For a little space, as the scene may be imagined, there was silence; only, amid the shadows could be heard the tread of the approaching hosts. Here, however, presently, a spear point glittered out into the sunshine; there loomed the dark mass of a moving column. Then slowly the smoke drifted up, and the armies saw each other. Broad lines and deep were there confronted. Many a famous pennon, the chivalry of the north, fluttered round the ruddy Lion of the King; while opposite heaved upon the gentle wind the great banner of Henry the Eighth.

There was a moment of pause as the smoke lifted, but only a moment, and then with terrific onset the clans were upon the English wing — the clans of the Scottish left, under Huntley and Home — cutting it to pieces. Furious work it was — a minute's deafening

crash of broadswords and battle-axes; and Sir Edmund Howard's division broke before them and disappeared. Then! then! — had the clansmen turned and renewed their rush against the next brigade, the day had been over and the issue different. For the High Admiral's flank lay open beside them, and nothing could have withstood the onset of these claymores of the North. But alas! close by lay the baggage of the English host, and the Highlanders were already deep among gay doublets and silken hose. Then Lord Dacre's horse rode up from the rear, and the opportunity was past.

With speed, to turn the fortune of the day, Admiral Howard had charged; and the next Scottish division under Crawford and Montrose gave way before his onset. At the same time, far along the sloping hillside, the half-armed Islemen on the Scottish right had wildly rushed, like a billow of their own Atlantic, had broken, and lost themselves upon the steady billmen of Sir Edward Stanley, and under the deadly arrowflights from the bows of Lancashire.

There remained then only the King's array in the centre, containing the flower of the army and of

Scotland. Here James himself fought on foot under the royal standard, while about him gathered the noblest and bravest of his realm. And now, exasperated by the ceaseless arrowflights of the English bowmen, and burning to retrieve the honour of the field, this compact body, levelling their spears, rushed fiercely against the opposing division, where Surrey himself commanded.

Wild and terrible in the setting sun must have been that onslaught. Many a gallant crest went down in Surrey's ranks, and for a time the English standard was in danger; for Bothwell had advanced with his reserve, and the Scots nobles fought with all the fire of their high blood. But the far-spreading wings of the English host closed around them like waves of the sea, and, attacked on every side, their utmost valour could but be in vain. Smaller and smaller grew the circle of dauntless spears that rallied round the King; fewer and fewer the devoted hearts that had sworn to stand by him to the last. And when night fell, and Surrey, uncertain yet of the event, withdrew his men, there were few of note left to carry the dark tidings to Scotland. The King himself had fallen, hewn down while

fighting gallantly in his place; and around him lay no fewer than twelve of his earls, with bishops and abbots in their bloody armour, barons and knights and gentlemen. Somewhere on the hillside here lay scattered the Seventy of Selkirk—"the Flowers o' the Forest;" with ten thousand of the brave and gentle of the North. And the shattered bands of wearied and wounded men that, all through the darkness of that awful night, went splashing northwards across the Tweed, were bearing with them a message that would wake the moan of anguish over the length and breadth of Scotland. Not a house was there of note, indeed, but had lost father or brother or son; and for more than a decade after the battle the Scottish lands were tilled, and the castles of the Scottish nobles held, by the feeble hands of women and of boys. The sorrow of that time echoes mournfully yet in song, and must ever touch a tender place in thoughtful hearts.

A strange and terrible episode it seems, to have taken place in so peaceful a spot. As one stands to-day upon the fatal hill the far-off pageant passes before the eye of imagination like the

wild and tragic magnificence of a dream. This, again, passes away, and nothing is left but the memory and pity of the past. But as the sun sets over the Cheviots in the west, through the golden haze that floods valley and strath and hill, the foremost firs and larches standing out upon Flodden's side might be taken for the men and banners of some strange and silent host.

EAST OF THE BALLAD COUNTRY.

THE country about the lower reaches of the Tweed, though perhaps less illustrious with song than the upland vale of Yarrow and St Mary's Loch, is rich with vivid memories of historic events. The difference appears to be that while the upland sources of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Tweed seem haunted by the spirit, mystic and poetic, chivalrous, and withal sad, of the ancient Cymric race who had their fastnesses there, this lower champagne country has associations rather of the iron deeds of later history, the warlike aggressions, in turn, of Saxon, and Dane, and Norman, and the more modern struggles of the Scottish nation against the masterful attempts of Plantagenets and Tudors. Thriving towns there are upon the river banks, trim, fresh, and pleasant, where the agricultural and pastoral products of the district find a market-place. But it is not in the modern aspect of these towns that the interest centres. Curiously signifi-

cant it seems that, even in this age of wealth-worship, human nature pays its instinctive homage, not to the places redolent of keen bargainings, but to the scenes of ancient valour and chivalry and learning—not to the exchange or the counting-house, as might be expected, but to ruined castle or cloister or the scene of some old and mournful story. From which it would appear that it may not be gold after all, nor even cleverness in getting it, that makes life glorious or worth remembering.

In this way Coldstream as a modern market-town possesses little interest for the visitor. It is Coldstream as a place of suggestive memories that the pilgrim pauses to see.

A famous ford in ancient times, it was here that the hostile armies of England and Scotland perhaps most frequently crossed the Tweed into each other's territory. Here, about the year 1150, an abbey of the white-robed Cistercian nuns was founded by Cospatrick, fourth Earl of Dunbar, and his countess, Derder. Here, in 1491, three years after the death of James III. at Sauchieburn, the plots of Henry VII. against the young King of Scots were stopped for a time by the signing of a treaty between Scotland and England. And

here, during Cromwell's wars, General Monk spent a winter, and raised his famous regiment, the Coldstream Guards. One additional fact which is, perhaps, not generally known regarding the bright little place, may also be recorded. It was formerly, and probably still is, on the east Border what Gretna Green was on the west, a recognised resort for the celebration of Scots marriages.

To the present day in any part of Scotland, a simple declaration before witnesses constitutes a legal marriage. The superior advantage of executing that declaration at Gretna, and perhaps also at Coldstream, was that a record of the occurrence was preserved. Accordingly, in the books at Gretna are still to be seen the names of hundreds —peers, naval and military officers, and all sorts and conditions of men — who during the last century and a half have come there to seal the fate of their lives with stolen or romantic brides. Despatch and secrecy were the chief advantages of these Border marriages, there being available at each of the well-known stations, at any hour of the day or night, a "blacksmith," so called from his readiness to strike while the iron was hot. No fewer than three Lord Chancellors—Erskine, Brougham,

and Eldon—made runaway Border marriages of this sort, one at least of the three, Lord Brougham, being married at Coldstream.[1] At the northern end of the bridge over the Tweed at the latter place stands a little house in which the run-away couples of Northumberland and Yorkshire used to find an opportunity of declaring themselves man and wife. Some thirty or forty years ago the ancient facility was still made use of by farm-servants and others of these neighbouring counties, who after enjoying the amenities of a cheap wedding at the bridge, were wont to be escorted in state through the town by a happy procession of pipers, ragamuffins, and children.

The most heroic memories of Coldstream, however, are probably those connected with the famous castle of Wark. On the Tweed, a mile above Coldstream, stands the castle; and though late evening is not the time usually chosen for sight-seeing, there is a peculiar charm of solitude then in the air, which suits at least this storied country well.

The road from the town is dusk enough when

[1] See *The Gretna Green Memoirs*, by Robert Elliot, the Gretna Green "blacksmith" of his day.

the moon is obscured, and from the river bank no more than a ghostly gleam of light can be seen on the dark water swirling below, sullen and deep, and suggestive of tragedy. Then there is the ferry to be hallooed for, in primitive fashion, till a light appears high among the trees of the opposite bank, and winds its flickering way down towards the boat. Meanwhile there is time to reflect that on the spot where one stands, during the last unsuccessful campaign of the vacillating Regent Albany in 1523, Ker of Fernihirst, with Buchanan the historian and future reformer in his train, planted the Scottish cannon against the castle.[1] A lonely enough place it is now. Not a sound is to be heard in the darkness but the creak of oars as the ferry makes its way across, and the waters of the river, as they lap with a gentle murmur against the bows. Strange, too, to step ashore, a single adventurer, under that frowning shadow. Might not the dead sentinels wake?

Wars ebbed and flowed continually of old round the walls of this great fortress, and it played its part more than once in the rise and fall of

[1] See the Life of George Buchanan prefixed to the translation of his *History of Scotland*, by James Aikman, Glasgow, 1827.

kingdoms. But its chief fame rests with the legend that a lady dropped her garter here five hundred years ago. Tradition relates how, in 1349, when Edward III., on one of his warlike expeditions to Scotland, was holding a court at Wark, the fair Countess of Salisbury, wife of the castelan, let fall a garter in the presence of the king. Not a courtier essayed to restore it to its embarrassed owner, until Edward himself stooped gallantly and picked it up. At this a titter ran round the brilliant ring; whereupon, it is said, the king, with the haughty words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," fastened the ribbon round his own royal knee, and thus instituted the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Allan Ramsay, in his *Morning Interview*, apostrophises the incident:

> "A lady's garters, earth! their very name,
> Though yet unseen, sets all the soul on flame.
> The royal Ned knew well their mighty charms,
> Else he'd ne'er hooped one round the English arms.
> Let barb'rous honours crowd the sword and lance,
> Thou next their king does British knights advance.
> O Garter! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

But of Wark Castle there remains only a great mound, overgrown with foliage, and silent against the sky—all that is left of the halls where chivalry

was wont to pace, where a light word once made history, and the lovely Salisbury smiled on the warrior king.

Nothing further is to be seen about the spot, and the pilgrim, lingering a while, at last must take the road over the hill to the wayside station. And away presently through the cool night air and the darkness, by the Tweedside, eastward, runs the journey of the rumbling wheels.

Everywhere along the route the scents of the fresh country come in at the open window—scents reminiscent of the silent pastures and the storied woodlands. Here may be felt most strongly the mysterious charm of passing through a historic country by night. The names of the places are themselves every one full of suggestion, and the imagination is free to form its own romance as to the scenery amid which they are set. When rustic labourers, earth-stained and smelling of the soil, come in out of the darkness at Twizel station, it is curious to discover that these men have plodded every day of their lives over the bridge there without a thought that once upon its crossing hung the destiny of Scotland. Not but that the darkness and the mystery of

the moonlight are tantalising enough at times. Norham tower and town here, its church and castle and market-cross, its quaint inns and curious houses, pass like a dream in the night.

Day set long ago on the living glory of that "castled steep," but the fame of the deeds done there in ancient days is not likely soon to be forgotten. Of the feudal fortress itself by "Tweed's fair river broad and deep," a massive ruin still keeps ward upon the Border, and castle and church and village alike are full of reminiscence of history and romance.

David I., in 1138, when marching against the usurper Stephen, to support the right of the Empress Matilda to the English throne, took the castle from Flambard, its Northumbrian bishop-lord; and though presently it returned to English hands, its keeping proved no easy task. The holding of that great red-stone keep of Norham, indeed, on its steep, tree-grown bank, was for centuries afterwards a gage of chivalry. Hither, in 1318, there came from Lincoln an actual Sir William Marmion, helmed with gold, it is said, under pledge to win his lady-love by defending Norham "for a year and a day." Alas for the

gallant! however, the Scots Borderers proved too warlike for him, and he lost his gage, his lady, and his life, in a single ambuscade.[1] Here, on 10th May, 1291, Edward I. met the Wardens of Scotland to arrange the succession to the Scottish crown—by which "arrangement" the crafty English king sowed the seeds of the dire Wars of Succession in the northern kingdom. And it was in the green meadow opposite the castle that on 13th June of the same year most of the great nobles of Scotland took, upon the Gospels, oath of allegiance to the English king.

After many capturings by Scots and English in

[1] Such gages of chivalry were frequent in the Middle Ages. A similar one is recorded of the keeping of Douglas Castle by an Englishman in Bruce's time. In this case the engaging knight, Sir John Webetoun, was surprised and slain by Douglas before he was long in residence—

> And quhen he dede wes, as ye her,
> Thai fand in-till his coffer
> A lettyr that him send a lady,
> That he luffyt per drouery,
> That said, quhen he had yemyt a yer
> In wer, as a gud bachiller,
> The aventurus castell of Douglas,
> That to kepe sa peralus was,
> Than mycht he wele ask a lady
> Hyr amouris and hyr drouery.
>
> —Barbour's *Bruce*, VI., 489.

See also Hume's *Houses of Douglas and Angus*.

turn, the fortress was besieged by James IV. in 1497; and it was finally taken by the same king just before the battle of Flodden. At one of these sieges the famous cannon, Mons Meg, brought from Edinburgh for the purpose, battered the walls with her stone projectiles. In the village church, too—the ancient place of worship, with its massive Norman tower, in the quiet burial-ground beside the Tweed—the marriage treaty of 1551 was signed between Edward VI. and the infant Scots queen, Mary. The story of that treaty is well told by Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather.* Mary was but nine years old at the time, and the rapacity of Henry VIII. in insisting upon the betrothal was resented by the Scottish nobles. Henry, however, threatened war, which, in the distracted state of Scotland just then, would have proved disastrous. Immediate trouble was finally avoided upon the advice of a Scottish councillor who told his fellow statesmen a story. It was the story of a certain sultan who, upon pain of death for refusal, commanded his court physician to teach a donkey to speak. The physician undertook the task, but stipulated for ten years in which to accomplish it, and when rallied by his fellow courtiers upon the

impossibility of his undertaking, proved his wisdom by his answer — in ten years the ass might die, the sultan might die, or he himself might die, whereas, had he refused the command outright, his immediate death would have been ensured. So Henry VIII. was satisfied by the treaty of Norham, which, as the wisdom of its Scots supporters foresaw, was nullified by the early death of Edward VI.

Events like these, though past, are not forgotten, and by reason of them the single little street of the village by the river, with the great Norman donjon rising at its end, remains a place of national interest.

Soon after passing Norham the cool wind is felt coming from the sea, while the shining lights of Tweedmouth and Berwick appear scattered along the shores of the narrow firth. And presently, steaming over the bridge on which the engineer Stephenson wrote in letters of gold, "THE LAST ACT OF THE UNION," the train stands still in the ancient capital of the Bernician kings.

From the remotest past Berwick has been a place of name and story. The county formed part of the Roman province of Valentia, and Bede has recorded[1] that it was Christianized towards the close of the

[1] *Ecclesiastical History*, Book III., Cap. iv.

fourth century by Ninias, "a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation." According to the mediæval romance-legends which echoed the history of early British times, Berwick was presently the Joyeuse Garde, the stronghold of the renowned Lancelot.[1] Later, when the Saxon Ida, landing on the coast and driving back the British and Pictish inhabitants, founded his kingdom of Northumbria in 547, Berwick must have been one of his chief towns. Upon his death, at anyrate, at the hands of Owen, a noble Briton, in 549, when his kingdom was divided into two, Deira and Bernicia, Berwick became the capital of the district between the Tyne and the Forth. In turn the Saxons were invaded by the sea-roving Danes, who, when they burned Coldingham and Lindisfarne, doubtless found Berwick one of their richest prizes. Torfæus, as an evidence of wealth, narrates how, when the wife of Cnut the Opulent, one of the town's merchants, returning from a pilgrimage, was taken by pirates, that magnate was able to set off in pursuit with a fleet of fourteen sail in full array of war. The place's position at the deep river mouth must always have made it a

[1] See Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to *Sir Tristrem*, p. 39.

good harbour, the first essential for maritime prosperity.

In 1020, reunited Northumbria having sunk to an earldom, the district north of Tweed was ceded to Malcolm II., King of Scots, and Berwick for the first time became a Scottish town. Many, after that, were its turns of fortune. Surrendered to England by William the Lion in order to regain his liberty after the battle of Alnwick in 1174, it, with Roxburgh, was restored to the Scottish king by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1189, for a payment of ten thousand merks, when Richard was raising funds for his crusade. Richard's successor, John, bore Berwick an especial grudge, and, to overawe it, built at Tweedmouth across the river a fortress which William the Lion promptly pulled down. After the death of the Scots king, however, John took and burned the town, torturing the inhabitants by way of reprisal, on his raid into the north in 1215.

Notwithstauding such sudden vicissitudes, Berwick had become in the thirteenth century the principal port in Scotland, and was described in the Chronicle of Lanercost as a "city so populous and of such trade that it might justly be called another Alexandria, whose riches were

the sea and the waters its walls." The wealth of the place, however, probably as much as its strategic importance, made it too great a prize, and its inhabitants in consequence had to suffer some terrible experiences.

Just before the fall of the first Baliol, when that unhappy prince found his vassalage to Edward I. becoming intolerable, the town was attacked and carried at the point of the sword, in his interest, by three hundred gentlemen from Fife. The consequent fate of the place at the hands of the English king —a fate secured by a stratagem always considered dishonourable in war — is tersely described in Wyntoun's *Cronykil of Scotland*. Finding open assault of no avail, Edward struck his tents and marched away. Shortly afterwards, at sunrising, the besieged saw what they took to be their expected succours of the north, an army with Scottish banners, coming towards them. But upon the gates being thrown open the disguised enemy rushed in, and began an immediate and merciless slaughter which lasted an entire day.

> The English men there slew down
> All hale the Scottish nation
> That within that town they fand,

Of all condition nane sparand;
Learned and lewd, nun and frere,
All was slain with that powere;
Of allkyn state, of allkyn age,
They sparèd neither carl nor page;
Baith auld and young, men and wives,
And sucking bairns there tint their lives.
Yeoman and gentlemen alsa,
The lives all they took them fra.

Thus they slaying were sa fast
All the day, till at the last
This King Edward saw in that tide
A woman slain, and of her side
A bairn he saw fall out, sprewland
Beside that woman slain lyand.
"Laissez, laissez!" then cried he;
"Leave off, leave off," that word should be.

Seven thousand and five hundred were
Bodies reckoned that slain were there.
Two days out, as a deep flood,
Through all the town there ran red blood.[1]

Berwick was presently retaken by Sir William Wallace after his victory at Stirling Bridge. It soon, however, fell again into the hands of the English king, and it was in the castle there, a few years later, that Edward did another altogether unpardonable thing. From time immemorial it had been the hereditary duty of the earls of Fife to

[1] Wyntoun's *Cronykil of Scotland*, Book viii. chap. ii.

crown the Scottish kings. Following this rule, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, had, in default of her brother, the Earl of Fife, who was then on the English side, placed the golden circlet of royalty on the head of Robert the Bruce; and for her act of romantic patriotism the English king caused her to be shut up on the walls of Berwick in a wooden cage, where, according to one account, she hung exposed for seven years.

Berwick Castle was the last fortress held in Scotland by the English after Bannockburn. It was captured in 1318 by Douglas and the Earl of Moray, and the story of its subsequent lengthy defence by Walter Stewart against the attempt of Edward II. forms, as related in Barbour's *Bruce*, one of the best extant pictures of a mediæval siege. Ten years later the great treaty of Northampton, which crowned the triumphs of Bruce with an ample declaration of the independence of Scotland, was sealed at Berwick by the marriage, with great joy and magnificence, of Bruce's five-year-old son, David, to the almost equally juvenile Johanna, sister of Edward III. Bruce himself, on account of his increasing disease, we are informed by the chroniclers, was unable to be present, but he was

represented by Randolph and Douglas, while on the English side appeared the Queen Dowager, the High Chancellor of England, the Bishop of Lincoln, and a splendid retinue.[1] The promise of that day, it may be supposed, was welcomed by the long-harassed burghers of the town, but it was a promise fated to have only scant fulfilment.

Still another episode belonging to the same period, relating to the place, which illustrates vividly the ruthless cruelty of the age, is narrated at length by Wyntoun. In 1333, when Edward III. was besieging Berwick, of which Sir Alexander Seton was governor, the town, being hard pressed, made a covenant with the besiegers that unless relieved within three months it should be yielded up. In token of good faith the governor handed over as a hostage to the English king his son and heir Thomas Seton. Upon tidings of the compact, the Warden of Scotland, Lord Archibald of Douglas, gathered an army and marched to raise the siege. Fearing the success of that attack, the English, though the three months had not expired, demanded delivery of the town. This, as a breach of contract, Seton indignantly refused, whereupon the

[1] Fordun a Hearne, iv. 1016.—Barbour's *Bruce*, Book XIV.

besiegers erected a tall gallows within sight of the walls, and actually hanged young Seton upon it before the eyes of his father and mother. It adds to the tragedy of the episode that the sacrifice did not save the town, for the Scots succours were presently defeated at Halidon Hill, all the prisoners, at Edward's command, being put to death; and the whole country fell into the English hands, excepting four castles and a peel tower.[1]

By way of contrast to those barbarities, under the walls of Berwick in 1338 was held a great and famous jousting, in which the knights of both English and Scottish sides, commanded respectively by Henry of Lancaster and Sir Alexander Ramsay, displayed no less courage and address than noble chivalry and high-hearted honour. The tournament, of which a very full description is given by Wyntoun, is chiefly memorable for the redoubtable jousting of Sir Patrick Graham.

A hundred and fifty years later, in 1482, Richard of Gloucester, with twenty-two thousand men, laid siege to Berwick, and took the town, but found the castle impregnable, under its governor, the stout Lord Hales. Nevertheless, shortly afterwards

[1] Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, Book viii. chap. 27.

castle and town were ceded to England by the Scottish king. By that final cession, Berwick obtained some relief from harassment of war, and presently regained its ancient prosperity. By statute of Edward IV. it was made the channel of all merchandise passing from Scotland to England. Bounties also were granted to the monks of Melrose and others upon the shipments of wool, &c., which they might make from the port.

At last, in 1551, Berwick, after many changes of masters, was made a free town, part neither of England nor of Scotland, and in Acts of Parliament till recent years it had special mention as "the good town of Berwick."

Such were the vicissitudes of an old Border fortress. At no time in its history was the governor's post here a sinecure. A striking picture the place must often have made from the sea by night in troublous times, when, as the alarm bells went clashing in the town below, and the burghers went hurrying along the narrow streets to their places on the battlements, red fire began to pour from the walls and the castle ramparts, and a tongue of flame from the beacon-turret above shot up its warning to the

Borders. Long ago, however, Berwick castle, notwithstanding its thrilling and warlike memories, was dismantled and demolished, and in its place now stands the railway station—fit type of the changes which the years have brought.

It is difficult on a warm Sunday morning, when the kirk bells are ringing and the quiet folk are moving in little knots to service across the steep clean streets, to realise that the place has so often been drenched with blood, that furious men have rushed through its narrow ways with torch and sword, while thatch and rafter flamed up to heaven, and the air rang full of the shouts of the victors, the hoarse oaths of the vanquished, and the shrieks of women in peril.

The grey old walls of the town still stand, and with the surrounding earthworks might yet, if fortified, make Berwick formidable to an invader. It was across Berwick bridge that, in 1603, James VI. of Scotland passed to the kingdom and throne of Elizabeth; and, before he did so, it is recorded that he inspected these walls and fortifications. One can picture him easily, the timid king of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, stepping quaintly round the ramparts and giving a wide

berth to the cannon fired in his honour. On these walls, too, as he walked round them one May morning in 1787, Robert Burns records in the diary of his Border tour that he met Lord Errol, and "was much flattered" by his lordship's notice.

After kirk-time this, as well as the breakwater running out to the lighthouse half a mile at sea, continues a favourite strolling ground with the townsfolk. These old ramparts form a choice resort for the long quiet talks of friendship, and this use of them appears to be by no means neglected either by the grey seniors or by the happy loiterers with whom it is still pairing-time. Tempted by the dry path and the sunshine, many an octogenarian may be seen taking the air along these walls, and as one passes knot after knot and couple after couple of interested younger folk, it would be difficult to say whether the rosy blush seen there upon a comely face were answer to the warm word of a lover, or only to the cool strong kiss of the sea.

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